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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR.

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ADDRESS OF MINISTERS OF BOSTON
TO THEIR FELLOW-CITIZENS.

The subject to which the following Address relates having been brought before the attention of the ministers of this city, was considered by them in a series of meetings, at which the various Protestant denominations were represented; more than seventy clergymen having been present at different periods in the course of the proceedings. After considerable discussion in regard to the steps which might be taken for the suppression of licentiousness, the following resolution was offered:—

"*Resolved*, That a Committee of three be appointed to prepare an Address to the citizens of Boston upon the propriety and importance of bestowing attention on the opportunities which exist for the indulgence of licentious passions in this community; which Address—without attempting to spread before the public the details of vice, or suggesting methods for its suppression—shall confine itself to the consideration of the opinion entertained by many persons, that licentiousness is a subject of such a nature as not to admit of any direct notice;—an opinion which as far as it prevails, must prevent any action that would be effectual in restraining the increase of this sin."

This resolution was unanimously adopted. A Committee to carry it into effect was chosen, consisting of Rev. Dr. Gannett, Rev. Dr. Waterbury, and Rev. Dr. Stow.

At an adjourned meeting, held Feb. 17, 1848, this Committee reported an Address, which, after amendment, was adopted, and a special Committee was instructed to present it to the citizens of Boston through the public prints.

THOMAS WORCESTER, *Chairman.*
WARREN BURTON, *Secretary.*

ADDRESS.

THE ministers of Boston present at a meeting held on the 17th of February, beg leave to address their fellow-Christians on a subject of great importance, connected with the morals of this city, and the present and future well-being of its inhabitants. They wish to draw attention to the vice of licentiousness; not for the purpose, however, of presenting statements that might only repel the sympathies of the virtuous, or of discussing the proper methods either of reformation or of security. Their only object is to direct attention to an evil, the magnitude of which is suited to alarm, not less than its character to embarrass us. In this embarrassment, arising out of the nature of the subject, they find at once a motive for their address, and a difficulty in their way. It is the impression of many thoughtful and excellent persons, that this is a vice so peculiar in its character, and so surrounded by hazardous associations, that nothing can be said about it, without the probability of doing more harm than good. They fear to speak of it, even to look at it, much more to encourage any effort for its suppression, lest the evil should be aggravated, rather than diminished. We do not wonder at this apprehension, or at the silence and inaction which it produces. But we entreat our friends to review their judgment under the light of this single consideration, that, if nothing be done or said or attempted, the evil must go on increasing, multiplying its means of destruction, augmenting the number of its victims, and incorporating itself more and more disastrously with the life and growth of our city. This is not a vice that declines by being "let alone." It thrives under concealment. It spreads its snares, and destroys its prey, with the advantage which it gains from being left to pursue its plans unreproved and unobserved. It seems to us clear, therefore, that disregard of its existence is unwise and wrong. To do nothing,—to attempt nothing,—to say it is so difficult or so delicate a subject, that we cannot even speak of it, without aggravating the evil,—is to yield to a despair as unjustifiable on principles of reason and experience, as it is unworthy of those who have faith in Christ and his religion. We know that harm has come from injudicious action and inconsiderate speech. We know that the subject is environed with difficulties. But we also believe, that the difficulties which lie in the way of abating any moral nuisance, and the mistakes which have been made by others, should only quicken our endeavors to discover and apply the proper means for its suppression.

All hope for the extirpation or diminution of this vice must rest on one of three grounds,—the belief either that it will decrease of itself, or that it will disappear before the gradual influence of Christianity, or that special means may be successfully used for this purpose. Now, all history and observation, the tendencies of human nature, and the facts of universal experience, contradict the supposition, that this vice, having its origin in an abuse of our nature which many of the habits of modern civilization tend rather to encourage than to check, will cease from the land through its own want of ability to perpetuate itself. Unhappily, this, more than most vices, is independent of social circumstances. It is found among the poor and among the rich, the coarse and the refined, in the country and in the city. Still it is most likely to prevail in a large metropolis, where multitudes congregate, whither transient visitors resort, and where the facilities for the indulgence of every passion or purpose of man abound. Should nothing be done to stay the plague, we can only expect that it will increase in virulence. Shall we, then, rely on the gradual extension of Christian influences through the community? Shall we satisfy ourselves with the conviction, that, as men become true disciples of the Lord Jesus, they will renounce and shun the sins of the flesh, as well as those of the mind and heart? Doubtless, every sincere and practical Christian will abstain from corrupt indulgence. But neither in our day, nor among our children or our children's children, can we hope,—judging either from the past or from the signs of the present,—that Christianity will gain such a wide and deep control in this community, that self-denial shall become universal, or even general. And even if, at some period not too remote for our anticipation to define, we may hope that our holy religion will have sanctified all hearts, shall we leave the generations that may live and die meanwhile on this spot to every deplorable consequence of the inheritance of temptation which we heedlessly transmit to them? There is no alternative, as we conceive, but direct effort for the suppression of this vice, or its unchecked continuance and probable increase.

We say probable, but we might more justly speak of its certain increase. In a commercial city,—thronged with people, and daily growing in population, wealth, and inducements for the young, the unprincipled, and the abandoned, to seek its opportunities of pleasure, of crime, or of concealment,—all sin, and this sin in particular, will find continual means of extending itself. The very growth which may hide it from view promotes its spread. If it were proper for us here to present facts, in regard to which we have abundant and unquestionable testimony, we might show that licentiousness is an increasing evil in this city,—that disreputable houses are multiplied,—that ruined or shameless women are far more numerous than they were a few years ago,—and that the individuals from whom such women and such houses derive their support are not few, but many, nor confined to any one class in the community, but drawn from all circles and conditions.

If it were true that this debasing vice is encouraged only by persons whose social position throws but little influence into their hands, or by men of notoriously bad character, we should have, in their peculiar exposure and need of Christian counsel, a reason for special effort on their behalf. But they are not the only patrons or the only victims of licentiousness. Young men, brought up in the bosom of virtuous families,—prompted sometimes by curiosity, sometimes seduced by example,—are led into the haunts of vice, and become their occasional, if not frequent, visitors. Thousands of young men, it is believed, who come from the country to find employment in our various places of business, having left behind them the domestic associations which at once detain and improve the heart, seek amusements of doubtful character, and are lured into the paths of guilt. Even persons whose years should afford assurance of their purity are known to give the sanction of their presence to scenes from which we might suppose that every honorable man would shrink as from pollution and infamy.

The evil reaches beyond our own citizens. Hundreds—we speak within bounds and moderately when we say hundreds—of young women are enticed to Boston, or entrapped when here, by the arts of those who care for nothing but vile pleasure and shameful gain. Even girls, who have scarcely passed the age of childhood, are misled; all their fair hopes blighted, their names tarnished, and their restoration to peace, purity, and happiness, often rendered all but impossible. Have we no duty to perform towards such innocent girls, such unprotected women? Should they fall, shall not we be in some measure accountable for their ruin, if we have not even endeavored to lessen the dangers into the midst of which they are cast on their entrance into our city? We will not ask you to bring this matter within the reach of your own sympathies, by imagining the vice on which we speak to have intruded itself into your households. Yet, were it possible for you to suppose one dear to yourselves to yield to the arts of the destroyer, how strongly would your feelings be excited!—how great and just your indignation against the author of the calamity which would spread its dark shadow over your dwelling!—how tender your pity, though mingled with sharp reproof, for the child who had been cast down from her high estate of conscious purity! Cannot you transfer your interest in this case to another, and to a thousand other cases that do not touch your own domestic peace? Virtuous women and immortal souls are in jeopardy, and nigh unto destruction. Shall we not lift a finger, not offer a prayer, for their salvation?

We do not wish to set before you, Christian friends, the frightful or offensive details of this subject. But we are persuaded, that the reluctance which so many feel to have any connection with it, even in thought, keeps them in ignorance of much that ought to be known. And, worse still, it prevents that contemplation of the real character of the evil, which could not but awaken an anxious desire to be instrumental in its removal. If a [illegible] contemplation of the enormity of the vice; if its mournful and fatal consequences were rightly apprehended; if the wise and good would allow themselves to think about it long enough to see what it is, and what it produces,—we cannot believe they would rest in that inactivity which now leaves the mischief to its own natural power of diffusion. We ask you, therefore, to look for a moment at its character and its consequences.

It is a *sin* which we entreat you to devise some means of restraining, if it cannot be extirpated;—a sin against God, against our neighbor, and against a man's own body and soul; the most debasing and destructive sin in which one can indulge. More than any other unlawful indulgence, it corrupts the character, impairs self-respect, breaks down moral principle, shuts out piety from the heart, makes religion a pretence, and faith a mockery. Do we use language stronger than facts justify? Where, in civilized or barbarous lands, in Christian or in Heathen countries, shall we find such a wreck of humanity, such a perversion of all that is noble or lovely, such an example of the debasement to which our nature may be reduced, as in a woman who has given herself up to a life of guilty pleasure? And who merits the condemnation of his fellows, or may be regarded by them with loathing, if it be not the man who has destroyed female innocence, or helped to quench the lingering reproaches of female virtue? There is but one more heinous crime than that which she commits who sells herself to pollution, and that is his who sacrifices woman to his own base passion.

Look at the consequences of this vice. Take the lowest point of view. Consider its economical relations. We dare not tell you what sums are lavished upon the support of establishments whose inmates are themselves led, while they lead others, to destruction. We might remind you of the temptations to fraud and theft, which many of those who have little money of their own to spend upon their vices have found themselves unable to resist. We might cite examples of open disgrace, of beggary and misery, arising from this cause; but we will only hint at these things.

Look at the effect on health. Physicians tell us, that illicit indulgence is the cause of a large amount of the diseases which come within their practice. The physiologist instructs us, that such indulgence must impair the constitution, and lay the foundation for life-long suffering or premature death.

Look at the moral connections of this vice. Beyond any other, it depraves the whole man,—enslaves the reason, pollutes the imagination, deadens the conscience, hardens the heart, tramples upon the affections and rights of domestic life, and makes the soul a moral pest-house. Beyond any other, it inflames every low desire, adds vehemence to every animal appetite, and brings whatever is spiritual or immortal in man into subjection to that which is carnal. It is even worse, far more injurious in its effects upon the character than intemperance. The drunkard will have his seasons of abstinence, and his hours of repentance: the man of dissolute habits is a continual sinner, without shame and without remorse.

Look at its influence on the community in which licentiousness is suffered to exist without rebuke. The standard of character is lowered; the sanctity of home is less carefully cherished; the tone of sentiment imperceptibly, but steadily, declines; and, when few perhaps understand or can trace the cause, a general deterioration of morals takes place. The poison has insinuated itself through the life of the community, whose whole appearance indicates a secret malady.

Look at the effect on Christian character and Christian institutions. The latter may obtain an outward respect, but the former can only exist in name, among those who are the servants of uncleanness. We might with as much propriety talk of a profane or a dishonest, as of a licentious Christian; with as little misapplication of language speak of Christian forgery, as of Christian profligacy. Sensuality and spirituality are as opposite as darkness and light: they can meet in the same person, only when heaven and hell can meet in the same experience.

Consider, finally, the consequences which in a future life must follow the indulgence of lewd desires and the enjoyment of infamous pleasures here. The soul, stained and branded with its vices, goes into eternity, to a God whose authority it has disowned, a judgment which it has defied, and a fate which it cannot avert! From that fate must we not desire to save those who share with us the gift of immortality!

Fellow-Christians! our Lord and Savior came to seek and to save that which was lost,—to redeem them who were ready to perish from the evil of their ways,—to bear the quickening and renewing influences of divine truth to souls that were buried in sin. Have we not a duty to perform as his followers? Is not the ministration of his gospel committed to our hands? If we have experienced the salvation that is through him, and have "tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come," do we not owe it to those who are held in the captivity of their own lusts, heirs of corruption and strangers to the promise, to exert ourselves for their deliverance, that, if possible, we may bring them to God, through him who is "the way, the truth and the life?" Do we not owe it to those who are beset by temptations with which they are unable to cope, to assist them in their great peril, or to diminish, if we may, the hazards of their condition? Do we not owe it to the community in which we live, at least to inquire whether we may not do something to limit the ravages of the most fearful evil that can fasten itself upon the moral life of a people!

Friends and fellow-citizens! we appeal alike to your conviction of duty, and to your sense of personal interest. We appeal to your reverence for the Bible, and remind you of the plainness and severity of the language which is there used respecting those who "fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Is a vice denounced in such unequivocal terms in the Holy Scriptures one on which Christian sensibility or Christian delicacy may not even utter a word? We appeal to your faith in the religion of Christ, whose name you bear. We entreat you to remember not only his condemnation of every impure desire, but his rebuke of those who, having much committed to them, yet, through negligence or timidity, are unfaithful to their opportunities of usefulness. We beseech you to bear in mind his example, and the encouragement he has given to those who shall follow him in the regeneration of the world.

HON. JOSEPH LYMAN OF NORTHAMPTON.
[From Rev. R. Ellis' Sermon.]

It would be easy to name men who knew infinitely more than he, or men who in some department of action were much more eminent, but it would not be easy to point to one more truly and nobly a man, in the complete, high sense of this word. There was a sweet harmony in his being, as it took form under the Hand of God, acting through his obedient will. Men associated him, most naturally, with this fair grouping of River and Vale and Mountain, as the crowning Beauty of the favored spot. His heart was the home of the humanities, and benignity dwelt upon his countenance. He trusted human nature, and after much abuse of his confidence, trusted on. "I have made more mistakes," was his final testimony, "by trusting properly, than by trusting men." He *loved* man, for the most part, and those whom he did not love, he treated with all consideration for the sake of their brethren and for the good which might be hidden, and for the great Law of kindness. His house was a home for all who saw fit to enter in, especially for Clergymen, the weakest of them as he never failed to see. Our hearts bear witness to the hospitality which he dispensed for Christ's sake. Time and substance were freely, lavishly devoted to Hospitality, according to the old feeling of reverent regard towards the stranger in the gate. And as we find what we bring with us to the search, I doubt not that our honored Friend found many angels amongst his numberless guests. In any case, whether angels or the contrary, all received a most hearty welcome. He was ever ready to make those continual sacrifices which good breeding demands, but from which in our haste or our selfishness, we are too ready to excuse ourselves. One may devote himself to disinterested effort in the small offices of daily life. Kind smiles, ready speech, and courteous services are not always easy. Many pass for saints whose goodness extends not unto these. A large warm heart sent its life-currents through his being, whose memory we so prize. Such is the uniform testimony concerning him. I shall never forget one occasion, when the old tenderness came again at an advanced stage of his decline, in its beautiful fullness. It was when, with glistening eye and earnest voice, he faltered thanks to one, who in sweet tones had sung to him one of those touching songs, in which old Scotland's loving yet sad heart has spoken to the heart of the world. "Never," said he to me, "never send a man from your door, without giving him something to get away with." Such a man, we may suppose, would feel a deep interest in Public Institutions, in Education and in Worship, and it should be mentioned that our High School for Boys stands upon land that was his, and that this Congregation is largely indebted to him for most liberal gifts. Indeed, he erred in this respect, and frequently gave beyond his means, sometimes, really, though unintentionally, at the sacrifice of justice.

In the days of his vigor, he was a hard working man, and in the days of his weakness, the fancy that he was only a cumberer of the ground, of no service, as he said, to any one, was his heaviest burden. The fruits of his labor were the materials of a genial life,—they enabled him to exercise an unstinted hospitality, to give him that needed, and what was quite as important to one that loved Peace, to waive his unquestionable rights rather than make an enemy, or perpetuate strife, or cause great inconvenience to a brother man. It is a remarkable fact, that in his individual capacity he was never plaintiff in a suit at Law. I need hardly say that his integrity was never impeached. His sense of justice was clear and strong.

It would never have been difficult to predict, what the Religion of such a man would be. It must needs contain a large element of Humanity, and give decided preference to the pure and undefiled Ceremonial, appointed, not for the First Day alone, but for every day of a Christian Life, the Ceremonial which is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

We may well suppose, that such a system of Religion as that which prevailed some thirty years ago in New England, would not recommend itself to such a man. In his dissent from the current orthodoxy of his day, we, as a Religious Congregation, are especially interested. He could not accept the Calvinistic views. He craved a better, a larger interpretation of Christianity. Accordingly, in obedience to his conscience and to his Master, he protested against the ruling dogmas, and appealed to the Word of God.

Judge Lyman, from the beginning to the very last, was a devoted friend of this Society, by word and deed, its unwearied supporter. On many a Lord's Day, when most men would have claimed exemption, his venerable presence made our sanctuary beautiful. He felt to the last that he had a place to fill, and in his humility, he believed that he had a word to hear, "which," said he, "I hope that I may apply."

You know the end, the burden of his declining years, and his peaceful departure from this world. On Saturday evening, the 11th day of December, his spirit left us.

How much remains to us in a blessed memory, and a quickening example. How should the young especially be inspired, when their fathers tell them of him who dwelt so wisely, so peaceably, so laboriously, so charitably, so piously in the land.—Would that upon one of us the mantle of the departed might fall!

Unto you who are still young, I speak because ye are strong. Take up the burden which your honored Father laid down, only when he could bear it no longer. Follow him in his following of Christ. Let the Image of his feeble frame bending in worship, chide our inactivity, and let us faithfully and kindly toil, that when we shall meet him in the Spirit-land, we may bear good tidings of his loved Village Home.

CULTIVATION OF THE RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

The eye is attracted by every form of beauty, and the ear greedily drinks in harmony; we are thrilled with rapture as these two inlets to the soul bring in their rich contributions. Now, are we conscious that faith, which takes the place of sense, and which expatiates in an infinitely higher and richer field of observation, awakens in us an equal feeling of delight, as it realizes to our souls the enchanting prospects and the sweeter harmony of heaven!

We are sensible of the power of earthly affections, as the heart with its full gush of tenderness clings to a beloved object, a husband, a wife; a child—anxious to retain, fearful of losing it, and full of expedients to gratify every wish, and to secure a reciprocal regard. Now, can we detect the same attachment for a Savior, the same desire to please him, the same anxiety to have his love in return? And if we can go thus far, can we go further, and meet the divine requisition of loving him supremely with our whole heart and soul, and far better than the dearest earthly kindred?

We may be placed in circumstances of great worldly prosperity; some project in which we have engaged is accompanied with splendid success, and affluence pours in upon us its constantly increasing streams; or we become suddenly and unexpectedly rich by the bequest of a friend. Have we ever contemplated the riches of grace with the same pleasure, and delighted ourselves in anticipating the inheritance laid up in heaven, of which we suppose ourselves to be the heirs?

Or, we are regarded by those around us with approbation; our talents command respect and applause, and the influence we exert makes others subservient to us, and calls forth their commendation. Now, is the approbation of God unspeakably more prized by us than that of our fellow-creatures, nay, is it equally prized?

We stand by the sick-bed of a beloved relative; with an untiring assiduity we attend to every want; our meals are hurriedly taken, that our absence from the object beloved may be as brief as possible; we tax the endurance of our physical frame by long night watches; each visit of the physician is anxiously awaited, and our hearts throb at the intelligence that his words or looks may convey; the restoration to health, the life of the patient, absorbs all our thoughts; have we ever felt the same solicitude for the salvation of our relatives? Have we, with the same carefulness, attended to the wants of their souls, and deprived ourselves of our usual enjoyments and rest whilst struggling for their conversion to God?

Other illustrations of a like kind might be presented, but these may suffice. How is it, then, with us? Are our religious feelings as strong as our natural ones? Are our spiritual affections as ardent as our earthly attachments? Surely it ought not to be regarded as a high standard of religious attainment that we love the Creator as much as the creature; and that we [illegible] as from whom it proceeds. Our hearts present a still higher standard. The earth's glory is to be as nothing, when compared with that of God; an infinitely higher value is to be set on things unseen, than on things seen; our love to Christ is greatly to surpass that of our dearest kindred; in a word, we are to love God with *all* our heart, and soul, and strength, and mind.

[Presbyterian.

A BRIGHT SIDE TO IDOLATRY.—AMUSEMENTS.

We take the two extracts below from the New Jerusalem Magazine—where we not seldom find thoughts worth the search.

"May not even idolatry, at least in many of its forms, have its bright side? Was it not a provision of Divine Providence to save the world from that which was still worse, and to keep alive the faint remains of heavenly truth, by means of images presented to the senses? We have been accustomed to regard the Mahometan religion with unqualified abhorrence. But we learn from Swedenborg, that in the course of Providence, Mahomet was permitted to establish this religion that idolatry might be extirpated among those by whom it was received, and that they might have some knowledge of the Lord, and regard him as the Son of God, the wisest of men, and the greatest of prophets."

"There is no doubt but recreations are not merely allowable, but actually serviceable, in refreshing and renewing the spirits, and thus in preparing for a better and fuller performance of the various uses of life. In this light we may see that recreations belong, though in a subordinate sense, to the kingdom of uses, and find a place in the heavens. It is not however to be overlooked, that the *quality* of every man's recreations depends upon the quality of his affections. He who is in true charity, derives from recreations new strength for the performance of his use. But he who is in the love of self, or of honor, or of gain, or the like, derives only an impure or infernal pleasure, agreeable to the character of his ruling love."

THOMAS CARLYLE ON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Education Society, held in Dumfries on Monday week, the following letter was read from Mr. T. Carlyle:

CHELSEA, 31st December, 1847.

Dear Sir:—I readily contribute my mite to your Samaritan project, and wish it good speed with my whole heart. In your locality, I believe it is much called for, as indeed in most localities, in these miserable times.

Ragged schools are not known to me except by public rumor, nor that scheme of *visiting* which you propose; but the very definition is a recommendation for such attempts, and awakens in every by-stander the wish to see them everywhere faithfully tried. For it is very certain man *can* teach and guide another; men possessed of some knowledge and virtue *can* impart thereof to others possessing less or none. And if they never come in contact in practical constant communication with one another, they cannot even have a chance to accomplish this, which is the summary of all social duties, everlastingly binding, whether it be done or not, and the greatest benefit, properly the one benefit, that man can do to man in our world.

Ragged schools, with a good effectual schoolmaster, who did not stand by his horn-books, and slates, and copy-books alone, but could frankly lay open a wise, hearty, healthy, human soul, to ignorant, dirty, encumbered little human souls—such an arrangement I could fancy to be the most excellent of all devices for your object. And as to that of *visiting*, I well remember reading Dr. Chalmers's development of that scheme, as practised by him in Edinburgh, and feeling that it was full of really practical sense—that if there was any plan of getting the work done, this, beyond all others, was it. May you prosper well; attract whatever is modest, and willing, and effective around you to co-operate; and see, if slowly, yet certainly, good fruit attend your husbandry.—One other wish I will utter, that you may have virtue given you to follow that invulnerable precept: *Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth!* A precept very difficult to follow in your peculiar circumstances, but one which all men, in all circumstances can in some manner follow, and which no man departs from without fatal damage to his enterprise, as many low—spouting 'Mechanics Institutes,' Bible Societies even, and Exeter Hall "labors of love," may, in their present ruinous state, after such assiduous beating the drum, will testify to us!

Believe me, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

A plain unpretending man, who resides upon his farm in New Jersey, about ninety miles from this city, and who has long been in the habit of bringing his produce here himself, unattended the novel experiment some time since, of gathering together, wherever he could find them, the destitute and unemployed in our midst; and on his return, conveying a company to his own neighborhood, for the purpose of locating them in families where they could earn a livelihood. His efforts in this line succeeded so well, that he was encouraged to continue them, and since February, 1847, he has actually conveyed from this city *seven hundred and eighty* of this class of persons, and introduced them to employment in various sections, where they are earning an honorable subsistence, improved in health, redeemed and saved from pauperism and its demoralizing tendencies.

We have received letters, from some of the young women belonging to the above list, that speak in the highest terms of the kindness and care that has been shown them, expressing also their good purposes to continue to merit the homes provided.

This gentleman receives no compensation for his services, and only requires that the fare of his numerous proteges shall be refunded by their employers. He seeks no notoriety, but simply to benefit the needy. His name is "DAVIS," and we give it because we think him a philanthropist, worthy of all honor. He has set a ball in motion that we trust will be kept rolling, till many others shall be found following his noble example. This matter of *action* is worth a thousand beautiful theories. The sinning and the suffering are around us or within our reach. Let a remedy be found for their maladies, and applied, no matter through whose instrumentality, and the Genius of Humanity will strike a grateful note, and the heart of the desolate prolong the sound.—*N. Y. Ad. & Guardian.*

A PHYSICAL HINDRANCE TO SPIRITUAL JOY.

"Many of my people,—and especially females,—talk thus to me—I am under continual distress of mind. I can lay hold of no permanent ground of peace. If I seem to get a little it is soon gone again. I am out at sea, without compass or anchor. My heart sinks. My spirit faints. My knees tremble. All is dark above, and all is horror beneath." "And pray what is your mode of life?" "I sit by myself." "In this small room, I suppose, and over your fire?" "A considerable part of my time." "And what time do you go to-bed?" "I cannot [illegible]." [illegible] spect from this mode of life, than a relaxed and unstrung system—and, of course, a mind enfeebled, anxious, and disordered? I understand your case. God seems to have qualified me to understand it, by especial dispensations. My natural disposition is gay, volatile, spirited. My nature would never sink. But I have sometimes felt my spirit absorbed in horrible apprehensions, without any assignable natural cause. Perhaps it was necessary I should be suffered to feel this, that I might feel for others; for, certainly no man can have any adequate sympathy with others, who has never thus suffered himself. I can feel for you therefore, while I tell you that I think the affair with you is chiefly physical. I myself have brought on the same feelings by the same means. I have sat in my study till I have persuaded myself that the ceiling was too low to suffer me to rise and stand upright; and air and exercise alone, could remove the impression from my mind!" [Cecil.

THE ABBE FERRETTI (PIUS IX) IN SOUTH AMERICA.

[From the Annals of the African Soc. (French) translated in the Cong Journal.]

"In the year 1824, the able Mastai Ferretti, at present Pope Pius IX, visited the missions in South America. One day when he was going to Valparaiso in Lima in a Chilian schooner, he was overtaken by a violent tempest; the vessel driven upon the breakers, was just going to destruction, when a boat, manned by negroes, came along side. The helmsman of the boat came on board the schooner, and asked permission to take the place of the pilot. He managed with such skill, that after surmounting the greatest difficulties, he brought the vessel into the little port of Arica, situated on the southern coast from Valparaiso. His deliverer was a poor fisherman named Bako. The next day he went to the cabin which the fisherman inhabited on the sea-shore, and presented him a purse containing four hundred piastres. When he attained to supreme power, the cardinal Mastai Ferretti remembered Bako, and through the head of the missions sent him his portrait and a sum of money equal to the first. But since 1824, things had undergone a great change. Bako, active and laborious, had put at interest the gift of the able Mastai Ferretti; he was among the first to manufacture salt-petre, which was found in great abundance at Arica. He had become rich, and a magnificent mansion, the asylum of his old age, had taken the place of his poor cabin. Profoundly sensible of the remembrance of the Holy Father, he erected on the most elevated place of his residence a chapel in which he placed the venerated picture of the Pontiff; this chapel which overlooks the sea, raises itself to the eyes of travellers as a double lesson of the designs of Providence."

THOMAS COLE THE ARTIST.

[From a New York correspondent of the Vermont Chronicle.]

February 15th, 1848.

As I was coming down to dinner to-day, I met a member of the family with whom I have found a delightful home, and observed that she was weeeping. Just at that moment her father came in. She looked up into his face and touchingly said, "Father, Mr. Cole is dead." "What my daughter?" "Mr. Cole is dead!" "Thomas Cole *dead!*" and the old man with his white locks turned away to bear the first stroke of sorrow alone. I found upon inquiry that for twenty years they had known him, and that he had been on the most intimate terms with the family.

On his first arrival in the city when a young man, they had found him out,—and as month after month they knew him better, he had gained upon their hearts till he had won them all. He had been their chosen, choicest friend,—their kindest, most sympathising brother. And as he grew up, and honors came rolling in upon him, as the rich and distinguished courted his society, he had ever remained steadfast to his early friends. His noble heart threw off the darts of temptation that fame and wealth cast from their full quivers, like burnished steel. They left no soil on his pure character. Simple and truthful he remained to his last hour.

I had only known him as Cole, the artist; never as Cole, the friend. I had looked upon his paintings, and studied and thought over them by the hour. I had felt my spirit stirred to better things by their contemplation; but only through his works had I known the man. Now I could know of him from those who had watched and known his whole progress—and though the story was told in tears, yet it lost none of its deep interest. They spoke of him as being so pure, so elevated in all his views, as possessed of such a warm heart, and such a beautiful Christian character!

His conversation was of the most interesting kind. He was naturally social, and cordial in his feelings; his travels had furnished him with the means of extensive and varied acquisition, and he was ever generously communicative. [illegible] ries and incidents in his own experience—and gave a life and glow to all he had to say. In person he was rather tall and slender. His hair was thin.

He has received a great deal of money, by his paintings. But in the ways of benevolence; in the encouragement of the fine arts, and of young artists; in kind doings to his friends; in valuable acquisitions, he had invariably expended all his income. He had been married eleven years, and has left a son, his first born, at an age when he most needed the moulding influence of a father, and of such a father! Of this son he had high hopes as a painter. When the boy was quite young he gave him a peice of canvass and brushes, and told him to paint something, "just what he pleased." After a while the lad came with the picture of a man, kneeling in adoration, and many stars above him.—"Well, Theodore, what have you here! what do these stars mean?" said Mr. Cole. "Why, Father," the boy replied, "it is the first man who saw the stars!" A conception worthy the son of such a sire.

Of late years he had resided in Catskill. He could not live in the city, because his valuable time was used up by the many people who came to see him. He was a man of untiring industry; and doubtless his severe labors of this winter have been connected with his last sickness. I asked his friend when she last saw him. "Oh," she replied, "that last visit, I never shall forget! It was in the summer. I was with friends not far from Catskill. I was invited to spend the following day with him. On the morning before, riding on horseback, and riding on and on, I finally found myself so near his house that I thought it best to continue on my way, rather than return. As I drew near the house, he spied me from the room where he was painting, and went and told his sister, "There is Miss B. coming." They all ran out to meet me,—he without his hat; and gave me such a cordial greeting, I stayed till the next morning. It was raining then, and when he came down to breakfast, as he met me with his pleasant good morning, said, "Miss B. I am glad it rains to-day; friends never go away when it rains." He had his easel brought down into the back parlor, and there he worked all day, and we were in and out, chatting with him so delightfully. At the tea table he said, "I fear I have an engagement out to-night; but if I have I'll forget it, and stay with you, and we will have a quiet good talk. People don't expect company when it rains." So he sat down with us in the evening. [illegible] I expressed my astonishment, and he responded heartily, saying, "When I go forth on these mountains and look on this beautiful world, I see *God in every thing*. I don't understand how a man can be a true artist without being a good man, a religious man."

He brought out a large pile of landscape sketches he had made in his travels, and which he intended to paint. We looked them over together, and he explained them all so kindly and interestingly! We sat and talked till one o'clock, and then he knelt down and *prayed*.—It was the last time I ever saw him."

Yes, the noble genius has gone to his eternal rest. In Heaven will his sanctified spirit find unending bliss, drink in the full joys of holiness and love, and be ravished with celestial visions. There will he, as on earth, "see God in everything," and with an eye unveiled by sense, unobscured by imperfection.

Interesting notices of him are constantly coming out in the papers. All know of his "Voyage of Life," and his choice landscape paintings. The most valuable painting in the Art Union Exhibition, the last year, was by Cole. It was styled in the Catalogue "Home in the Woods," and beneath the name was this verse:

"And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who swayed senates with a statesman's nod,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye."

How inestimable now are his productions!—His sun has gone down at noon, but it has risen in a brighter, an eternal day! H. F.

HENGSTENBERG'S GERMANS IN NORTH AMERICA.

[Extracts from No. 7.]

Translated from Hengstenberg's Kirchen-Zeitung.

SYNODS IN NO CONNECTION WITH THE GENERAL SYNOD.

The *Synod of Ohio* occupies in all respects a middle position; the German and Lutheran element is not yet fully gone, in its communion.—The synodical proceedings are conducted, in part at least, in German. Already however, the language is beginning to fail and make room for the English which is no longer confined to the English district synod, originally intended for its use, but has so far taken possession also of the "German" synods, that two-thirds of the congregations, in the beginning German, are now provided with English preaching.

The entire disappearance of the German and Lutheran tendency, doctrinal and ecclesiastical, is prevented just for the present by the composition of the ministry, which consists in part of men educated and sent over from Germany.

We must notice the Seminary at Columbus. The Seminary was founded in the year 1830, as a purely German institution, under the title of, "The *German* Lutheran Seminary of the *German* Lutheran Synod of Ohio and the Neighboring States."

The design of the institution, is thus given with clear and distinct expression:

§ 1. "As this Seminary is and shall remain a German Institution, so its design is mainly to educate young men *German* Lutheran preachers, as also for *German* schoolmasters, in order thus to further our Church as well as the cause of German education generally, and to uphold and extend the German language and literature."

§ 2. "This institution shall be accessible also to all other citizens of the country, so as that every one may participate in its advantages, whether he be German or English, Lutheran or not Lutheran; provided always that the main design, the education of *Germans* in their mother tongue, the training of young men for German preachers and schoolmasters, and the preservation and advancement of the German language, shall not be made to suffer, and that the Seminary shall remain a *German* Seminary."

§ 4. "The principal lectures of the Seminary *shall and must be held invariably in the German language in all time to come.*"

§ 6. "The last two points, that the principal lectures shall be held for all time to come in the German language, &c., *shall never be altered or revoked.*"

Professor *W. Schmidt* was the first teacher in the institution—a German by birth, educated at Halle. He was, however, already under English influence, and his labors served to open the door for its admission into the Seminary; the English tongue soon became almost exclusively the medium of instruction.

At the meeting of the *Synod in Columbus*, in the year 1839, the Synod decided "That it was not only constitutional for religious instruction to be given in the Seminary by means of the English language, as had already indeed begun to be done, but that it was expedient and necessary also to appoint a second professor for this object, only with the understanding that this must not be allowed to supersede instruction in the German [illegible]."

In the year 1840, Professor *Schmidt* died. His place was filled by the appointment of Professor *Schaeffer* a native American, of German descent indeed, but of wholly English American education and tendency. He carried forward the institution agreeably to the decisions of 1839.

In the year 1842, Professor *Winkler* was called to Columbus, as second teacher, a native of Saxony, of German education throughout, full of zeal for the maintenance of the German nationality, and in church tendency a devoted Lutheran of the strict doctrinal stamp. His zealous efforts, based upon the constitution, in favor of the German interest, brought him into collision with Prof. *Schaeffer*; an active controversy grew up between the two men, as teachers in the Seminary and pastors of the Lutheran congregation; the passionate, recklessly violent temper of the German, the obstinacy of the irritable American, with his offended and proud reserve, various rash measures, the implication of the students and people in the quarrel, and the personal bitterness of the parties, all served to make the case so bad in the end, that even the friends of the German interest itself became dissatisfied, and found it necessary to interfere.—Prof. Winkler had right on his side, but he fought for a good cause in a very fleshly, acrimonious and offensive way.

All was prepared with skilful plan for the Synod which met at *Lancaster, Ohio*, in May 1845. The result was the full triumph of the English, and the annihilation of the Seminary as a German institution forever."

The board of direction proposed here an alteration of the article of the constitution with regard to the language, as follows:

"Since the necessities of the church, and its welfare require, that its ministers should be so educated as to be able to preach English fluently, all lectures shall be held also in the English language."

The result of the vote was, *forty-two voices on the English side, twenty-four on the German.*—In Zanesville, one year before, the English had but *ten* votes, the German *thirty-eight!*

The Seminary edifice, with the inscription, *German Evangelical Lutheran Seminary*, stands now empty, without professors or students, containing only the ruins of a preparatory school, in which one teacher instructs two youths in some branches of general education.

The writer had an opportunity shortly before leaving the country, of conversing with some of the principal members of the Synod of Ohio, on the case of this seminary. He would here [illegible] district synods, Mr. S., a Lutheran from head to foot, filled with true hatred towards the American churches—so far as to style *Calvin*, the father of the Reformed, a son of Belial, and the Westminster Confession the work of Satan—who nevertheless had voted with the majority in the case of those un-German resolutions of the General Synod, undertook to explain his own course in regard to the whole business. He tried to show, in the first place, that the resolution introducing the English into the institution was lawful, and did not destroy the article in the constitution requiring German lectures. Next he urged the necessity of the measure, for the salvation of the Lutheran Church. The tendency of the German population is all towards the English language; no resistance on the part of the ministers can be of any avail; let them persist stiffly in preaching German, and the people would fall off by crowds to the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians, a dead loss thus not only to the German nationality but also to the Lutheran Church. A glance at the history of German congregations would show how this may happen; flourishing Lutheran churches, that have gone down, might have been preserved, by timely concession.—The resolutions of the board aimed thus at the welfare of the Lutheran Church, in so altering the statutes of the Seminary at Columbus, as to provide for the education of English Lutheran ministers also, who might meet the demand for English preaching in the Church and still retain the genuine Lutheran spirit.

The *Synod af Michigan*, with six ministers ten congregations and one thous

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 4, 1848.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"This is the end of earth—I am composed." In vain shall there be sought among the utterances of distinguished men, whether of ancient or modern times, as they were departing from this world, language more fitting, more comprehensive, more sublime, than these last words which dropped from the lips of John Quincy Adams, when, stricken by the hand of death in his seat in the Capitol of the Nation, he was borne away from it to occupy it no more forever. There spoke out a firm faith in immortality, and a perfect composure of mind at being called away to meet the retributions of eternity. It was the end of *earth*—his work, his existence here, were closing. But he believed in the life to come, and in future judgment, to which he knew he was now departing; and he could meet the hour free from all perturbation—because through his long life he had been daily making preparation for it.

Mr. Adams has justly been deemed fortunate in the time, and place, and circumstances of his death. In this respect he has been compared with the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham; and the Senate from Massachusetts, [illegible] in his eulogy, remarked that "it is believed to have been the earnest wish of his heart to die like Chatham, in the midst of his labors." The younger Adams was more fortunate than the elder Pitt.—The latter was conveyed at first into an apartment adjoining the House of Peers, and was soon removed thence to his country-seat where he died, four days after his attack; and, it is said, comparatively deserted. Adams breathed his last in the Capitol—in the Speaker's apartment, which at that time was most opportunely occupied by a son of Massachusetts, who also bears one of the ancient and honored names in her history. If

> "On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires,"

these were not wanting to the felicity of the dying American Statesman. Around his couch were sympathizing, attached *friends*—the Speaker, and the Massachusetts delegation, physicians, members of his family, ministers of religion, and a few others—most of whom departed not from his side until he breathed his last, in their presence. There too was the earthly friend whom he most loved, the venerable Mrs. Adams, his wife—whose endearments, or whose grief, could not rouse him, though the consciousness of her presence may have soothed, when the power to manifest it was denied him. There too, as if neither youth nor age must be wanting to the closing scene of one who, as he increased in age, increased more and more in whatsoever qualities are beautiful in a little child, and who himself unaffectedly reverenced the young—sat the interesting boy who had been his attendant during the session, and who watched his every motion through the live-long night. The voice of debate remained hushed in the Capitol, while he lay lingering on the verge of death. The entrance to his chamber ceased not to be thronged by inquiring multitudes, both members of Congress and others,—who came to obtain the latest intelligence of the condition of the sufferer, and many of whom turned away with tears in their eyes. Thither also came one who, [illegible] the memorable Treaty of Ghent, more than thirty years ago, and companion through subsequent years in patriotic labors—the distinguished Statesman of Kentucky, now not in active service, but happily present at the seat of government on this occasion—who once more grasped his hand and retained it in expressive silence, and wept. And when the venerable man, the object of so much affectionate respect, was no more, the assembling again of both Houses of Congress, and their eloquent and heart-felt eulogies over him whose remains were still in the Capitol; the thousands of both sexes, who came to look for the last time on the features, strong, bold, dignified and serene as in life, of the good and great man now in his coffin, and among them, not unworthy of special mention, many of that despised color and caste, for whose freedom, if in slavery, and for whose elevation as citizens, he often and earnestly and effectually lifted up his voice,—who now begged for a last sight of him and went away weeping; the touching spectacle of the only son, entering the place where the body lay, and remaining at his request alone with it for some time; all these things, to say nothing of the pomp of the funeral, mark the death of Mr. Adams as preeminently felicitous. Of him it can not be said, as it has too often strikingly applied to others, that "the rising has more worshippers than the setting sun."

If the time and circumstances of Mr. Adams' death were fortunate for himself, they were not less so for the nation. His fame and glory, with whatever accession of splendor they receive from the last hours of his life, are now all his country's. The mere glory of an individual, or of a nation, is however empty and worthless, except for some good end which it may subserve. In the present instance, the eclat of the death of Adams shines back over the path of his life. His deeds become more conspicuous with his name; for with his name his deeds are inseparably connected. By them he being dead will yet speak, and the contemplation of them, attended by the filial reverence and admiration that cannot cease to be entertained towards him, will stir all generous impulses, will call forth devotion to virtue, to freedom, justice, truth and religion; will excite the love of knowledge, the love of well-doing, the love of man and the love of God; will kindle the fire of indignation against oppression, against injustice, against social and political as well as private wrongs.

The greatness and excellence of Mr. Adams both as a public man and private citizen are set forth in the published eulogies, some of which will be found in the Congressional record of this week's paper. We shall not weary the reader with a repetition of them. But if we may be permitted to refer to those acts of his life which in our estimation are his greatest renown, they are when he defended and maintained *the right of petition*; when he resisted the encroachments of the slave power in Congress and in the Government; when he advocated the cause of the Amistad Africans. They are his efforts to secure and promote human freedom, and his unbought toil in behalf of the oppressed. A Diplomatist, a Civilian, a Debater, a Poet, an Orator, a Theologian, a wise man, a man of learning and literature, all these together cannot twine a wreath of fame perennial and fragrant, like that which Humanity has cast around his head. The Treaty of Ghent is immeasurably small in its consequences, compared with what will be the results of the freedom of petition now secured. The arts of diplomacy, the skill of learning, the discussions in the halls of Congress, the forethought and toil of Presidential labors aided by a Cabinet as harmonious in Council, as great in talents,—all these may be exercised not for good but for evil, and a nation may waste away and perish under them—unless it rest on freedom, and this again on right, and this as upheld by that law which is love to God and love to man.

A few incidents toward the close of his career, not mentioned in the eulogies, will only be given to illustrate some of the distinguishing traits of his character. His love of knowledge, his readiness to communicate, his interest in promoting the cause of education, are a proverb. On the Saturday before his death, he spent two or three hours with Mr. Vattemare in admiring his collections, among which was "a fine engraving of the death of Queen Elizabeth of England. Mr. Adams stood opposite the picture for a quarter of an hour, recalling and relating to a circle around him the incidents of that event.

The success of Mr. Vattemare's enterprise was one of the very last thoughts of his brain. He had the memorial in Mr. V.'s behalf in his hand, intending to offer it to the House as soon as he could obtain the floor, when in the shock of dissolution, his grasp was loosened, and he fell back in his seat.

Some months ago, a gentleman with whom he had been for a long time on any terms but those of friendship, approached his seat, and they conversed together in a very courteous and friendly manner. On the gentleman's departure, another member approached Mr. Adams and congratulated him on the recent event. Mr. Adams thanked him, and "then observed that, just before the downfall of Mark Anthony, Cicero made friends with several of the Roman Tribunes with whom he had been on terms of bitter enmity for years. His friend charged him with inconsistency! Whereupon Cicero replied, 'I desire that my *enmities* may be temporary; my *friendships* eternal."'

Enmities the departed ex-President certainly had; he exhibited a quality which some moralists have commended—"he was a good hater." There were not a few, especially south of Mason and Dixon's line, whom he "hated with a perfect hatred," and he lost no opportunity in which "he shot out his lightnings and discomfited them."

But he lived long enough to discharge all his electric fluid, the clouds dispersed, and the very men whom he drove from him by the hail-storm vehemency of his denunciation and the severity of his sarcasm, hastened back to meet the glance of his eye, now become mild, and sit under the droppings of his lips. It was love and admiration that drew those who had once been repelled.

Mr. Adams was remarkably distinguished by reverence for woman. It was the happy effect of having such a distinguished mother, who was herself so worthily and so profoundly reverenced by her son. He saw in woman those of whom his mother was the representative. Her image consecrated the sex. And yet it seems to have been a sentiment born with his nature. It is always a feature of true moral greatness, and is allied with other great qualities, if not the source of them. The very day before he was stricken down in his seat, he wrote his autograph at the following stanzas, which certainly are no ordinary poetry, and in which the playfulness of humor mingles with the wisdom and seriousness of the sage.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Quincy, Massachusetts.

In days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered,
Perhaps of goose, but now and then
From Jove's own Eagle sundered.
But now, metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers;
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the poet slumbers.

Fair damsel! could my pen impart,
In prose or lofty rhyme,
The pure emotions of my heart,
To speed the flight of time,
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear,
To stamp with corresponding worth
The blessings thou shouldst share?

Mr. Adams lived and died a Christian. The influences of the Gospel united with whatsoever others, that made him the good and great man he was. From the thirtieth year of his age, not a day passed without the consecration of its earliest hour to communion with his Maker and to perusing the Scriptures—which he read through every year. He was a communicant of the Church in Quincy. If it were fit to designate him by any denominational title,—which we should not be tempted to do except that the faith which it designates is not acknowledged by many to be Christian,—we would add that he was "a liberal Christian," "a Unitarian," holding those views of Christianity which exclude the doctrine of the Trinity, and the Godhead of Jesus Christ, but accept him as sent from the bosom of the Father, as the Son of God and Savior of the world. Who shall question, or express a doubt, or refuse the utterance of the hope, that he has departed to join the spirits of just men made perfect; that he is now with Jesus in the glory which he had with the Father before the foundation of the world, and compared with which the brightest earthly glory is but a glimmer, or a shade.

The Ministers' Address on our First Page. The great excellence of this Address; the name of the Chairman of the Committee by whom it was drawn up; the importance of the subject; every consideration of the purity and peace of families, and the present and eternal welfare, both of the old and the young, unite to commend this Address to the special meditation not only of the citizens of Boston, for whom it was primarily intended, but to those of every city and town throughout the country.

☞ We learn that Rev. H. F. Harrington, having received and accepted a call to settle over the first Unitarian Society, in this place, will be publicly installed in the Hall in which the Society worships, on Tuesday next. Services to commence at 3 o'clock P. M. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Peabody. [Lawrence Messenger.

☞ The Unitarian Society in Manchester, has given an unanimous invitation to Mr. Arthur B. Fuller, graduate of the last Class of the Divinity School at Cambridge, to become their pastor.

[At our particular request, a sermon on the death of Mr. Adams, preached last Sunday morning in one of our neighboring Churches, has been put into our hands with permission to publish such extracts as we desired. Our readers, we feel assured, will peruse them with deep interest, and thank both us for making the request, and the writer for granting it.

The text is from 2. Sam. xxiii, 3. 4. The introduction contains very valuable remarks on the need of "more discrimination and candor in our commemorations of the dead." . . . . .
"They are good and profitable only when conformed to the sanctities of truth." . . . . . .
"It is better that kindness should pardon infirmities, than that flattery should conceal a fault." The preacher then passing to his main subject, thus discourses:]

FROM A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT ADAMS.

The character of that honored and distinguished man whom our whole nation commemorates this day, may well bear this discrimination and justice in all the tributes which are paid to it. I have not dwelt thus upon the theme of candor and truthfulness in eulogies upon the departed, because there is any peculiar reason for it as applied to him. It is rather because the most faithful and severe discrimination will find so little in him to qualify the most exalted praise, that I have thought this a good opportunity to speak what I believe to be a serious truth—that there are often flattering eulogies passed upon the dead which mock the simple sanctities of truth. It might seem invidious to proclaim this feature in connection with a memorial of any distinguished man whose eminent gifts or honors were darkened by sad deficiencies or sins, and therefore I have spoken it incidentally—when I have in view the exalted and virtuous character of the late Ex-President of this republic. Yet he too had his faults, and if the eulogist conceals them, the party champion will but the more expose and exaggerate them. His faults and infirmities were those which time does more to correct than for any other human frailties. Had he died a score of years ago, his infirmities of temper and perhaps of tenacious self will, would have stood forth in far greater prominence than they ever can now, for time mellowed and softened them. The wrinkles of age relaxed the knitted brow, and the sensitive tear nerve of the eye had dimmed its sparkling, flashing brightness. It was his fortune to survive all the animosities of his earlier and his more contentious years,—and as the ashes of those rivals and opponents with whom these animosities had arisen, crumbled into dust while he yet survived, the answering passion in his own heart yielded to the calm of forgiveness, if not of forgetfulness. Yet, it ever will and ever should be told in the true memorial of his life and character—that he could ill bear opposition—that the will by which he sought to influence others sometimes mastered himself. He can afford to have the truth told of him in this respect, for he had eminent virtues, an unimpeached and unimpeachable private character, a giant industry, a lofty and quick conscience to relieve every infirmity—and his infirmity was the one which is most commonly united to the noblest natures and the most gifted minds. When such men, in the toils of deep study and the tasks of thought have won what they believe to be true views upon perplexed [illegible]. They are apt to think that others lack either their wisdom or their sincerity, and in such cases, if a man's self-interest is not concerned, but he is manifestly acting only for the welfare of others, obstinacy even may confirm the evidence of his rectitude. It is true however, of this great man that the days of his power were the days of his weakness, and that the lengthened years which marked his honors, calmed and moderated and ennobled his whole nature—turning his weapons of strife into trophies of self conquest. It has been generally said and allowed likewise, that he loved distinction, public office and prominence—that he could not bear retirement even with the company of signal honors, and that he could live only on condition that he should be daily spoken of and read of as still in some high station. To this feeling has been ascribed his readiness to give his voice and presence wherever asked in the festivities, the debates, the lecture rooms,—and even in the Congregational church councils, which it was his delight to attend as a member. But was this weakness in him. Did it indicate any thing more than the force of habit, and a tendency to a multiform and unwearying occupation wherever mind could find exercise? Is he to be blamed for loving office and prominence! It was the very milk on which his infancy was nursed, it was the food of his boyhood, his home furnished no other subject of interest, his abilities were suited to it, and all the habits and feelings which came upon him as with his nature, unavoidably became the appropriate elements of his existence. We might as well reproach a man for loving the air on which he lives, the scenes to which he has become accustomed, or the duty which wins him honor. There was indeed a spirit of action in this remarkable man that required constant public exertion to keep him alive, and doubtless the intense industry which was stayed only with the death-shock that passed upon his frame, averted a lingering decline which he dreaded as we should dread that others should watch the progress of decay while we are crumbling in our graves.

His character affords us an admirable example by which we may with discrimination consider what is necessary to constitute a great, a good, and a truly christian man in public life.

[The discourse next dwells on Mr. A. as scholar, statesman, and patriot—and proceeds:]

By his own unchallenged profession, and by the full assent of his most intimate friends, he is believed to have been a christian in heart and in life; not merely in his later years, but through his whole career; not through force of some sudden and spasmodic circumstance to make him serious, but by the steady growth of convictions cherished very early in his existence, and daily matured and confirmed by his rich and accumulating experience. The homage of a great mind to the high spiritual relations and to the divine responsibilities of human nature, is no unusual thing. Thank God—he has ever had his revering witnesses in the minds and the lives of the truly great. Religion is itself an element of greatness, it has itself, alone, made many great, and its amaranthine flowers are woven in with the laurel and the myrtle of the garlands of poets and the crowns of sages. And yet such is the balance hung in this world between regard and disregard for religion, that there is really no inducement for a public man to pretend to religion when he has it not, and it may even be questioned whether true religious principle is not really a hindrance in the way to promotion and power among men. Though none will deny that a consistent and upright character when death has set its seal upon it, is altogether more imposing and impressive if sanctified by true piety, yet there is always opportunity for slander to sneer at its assumptions, and for severe judgments to construe faults of temper or infirmities into the tokens of hypocrisy. But christian piety cannot be falsely assumed or pretended to in any character where it does not really exist, and the difficulty of making a presence to it pass as the reality, is increased in exact proportion to the prominence and publicity of a person's life. You cannot fail to find in any public character the evidences of the presence or the absence of piety. Its sacred and elevating influences cannot be feigned in a sordid and corrupt heart any more than the rich veins and colors of marble can be counterfeited on the dull red free-stone. Yet what are to be the evidences of piety in an honored and prominent man? Witnesses generally seize upon the daily reading of the Bible, upon attendance on religious worship, upon interest in religious institutions, and upon expressions used in conversation or published papers, as tokens of the religious character of an eminent man. From these chiefly, it is true, that man must judge, but they are all means and tokens which instead of satisfying us lead us to look for what should always accompany a consistent life, an unblemished private character, a reputation which needs no palliation for self-indulgence in animal sins, a power which needs no artificial stimulus, a virtue which relies upon no outward safeguards. The highest conception of a christian character is that which is in our minds when we ascribe the character to an eminent man. We look for something more in him than for an average parity or a moderate virtue. In proportion as his mind is informed we expect his moral power to be developed—according to his wide knowledge of evil and good that is in the world, we look to him to show to us the infinite superiority of excellence. All his opportunities to display high principle are so many demands which we make upon him to exhibit a high example. No formal acquiescence in religious usages—no encomiums on the bible—no prominence in the Church will satisfy us of the christian character of a distinguished man unless a daily consistency of life appears with them.

Of all the common outward tokens of a reverence for religion and its institutions, our departed chief has through his whole life been an example. With his presence and his pen he ever stood ready to sustain the external observances of Christian faith. There is probably not a layman in the land more thoroughly versed than he was in the peculiar learning of a theologian. During the intervals of severer labors he found time to turn into the shape of hymns, the Hebrew odes of the Psalmist David with all their sublime imagery and lofty piety, and never did he allow the sun to rise and set without feeding the flame of piety by intercourse with the Unseen Spirit. But below and beside all these external tokens which may or may not testify to what is within the heart—deeper than the work which they can perform—he gave evidence that with all the singular energies of his moral and intellectual nature, he had grasped the great problems of man's life, by the light which Jesus Christ first shed upon them, and had gladly rested in the conviction that he was the anointed of God—the World, and the Saviour of men. That was his faith, and as far as man could judge, his life brought no discredit or contempt upon that faith. He was not one to boast or to obtrude religious feelings or motives, but the bent of all his purposes, the view which he took of all subjects, gave proof that he regarded men as the children of God, responsible to a holy law, and as provided with an unerring guide of duty and of hope in the Revelation by Jesus Christ.

Such was he, who as scholar, statesman, patriot and christian, has filled so large a place in the world's broad interest—has been named by so many tongues, and is now joined to the fellowship of the faithful above, while he will ever be mentioned with honor here below.

Honored and famous through his whole life, our departed statesman had a felicitous and tranquil death—amid circumstances and on the spot which his fondest desire would have selected. There was enough of solemn incident about it to make it impressive, and no sadness to make it melancholy. As the sun of a long and glorious summer day is about to set, some gorgeous clouds, whose heavy folds are tinged with red, are often observed to gather in the lowering horizon. So will a cloudless day sometimes close. And why! It is not because of threatened storm—but because the sinking sun gathers around it in the line of our vision, those fleecy mists and tears which fill the atmosphere, to make of them the pomp of its decline—the dying bed of the day. So does a long and honored life close. Those clouds are the honors and decorations of the setting sun, and all the pomp and majesty of their shadows do but signalize the sublime scene upon which we gaze—the clouds would not appear were it not for the sun, nor should we see them, were not the sun declining. So are the last touching and felicitous circumstances which gathered around the dying couch of that eminent and useful man. They were clouds, but they were sun clouds—and such a death, like a summer sunset betokens a brighter morn and a rejoicing progress through the upper skies.

> "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
> Its loveliness increases, it will never
> Pass into nothingness."

For the Register.

HOW TO TREAT MYSTERIES.—UNITARIAN REVERENCE.

Mysteries surround us from our birth. The babe understands nothing its wondering eyes fall on. The old and learned sage understands little thoroughly. The profoundest science goes but skin deep into the nature of things.

If this is so in the natural world, it is to be expected that in the supernatural there should be much beyond our apprehension, and every thing beyond entire comprehension. The divine—the everlasting—the infinite—how can man grasp such themes? How can the finite comprehend, that is, take into itself the infinite? Can a child's finger grasp the Alps or Rocky mountains?

Accordingly there are mysteries not only in the Bible, but in Providence and in the material world, which no theology explains, nor probably could explain to us, with only our present senses, conceptions and experiences. Why all this seeming evil? What are all these noxious plants and slimy reptiles and venomous beasts sent to annoy us for? How are such vast deserts of useless sand and rock, over which not even a bird flies, to be explained? "With all the thought I have been able to bestow upon the subject," said Frederick of Prussia after a long silence as his coach toiled wearisomely over the long, sandy tracts of his kingdom, "I have never been able to discover why God created sand." It was meant by the free thinking friend of Voltaire for a small joke with a slight flavor of profanity; but it will do as a specimen of thoughts that rise often in more serious minds. Why so much that is objectless, if not painful, as far as the plummet line of man's philosophy can sound into the dim and darksome gulf! Every year the applications of art and the discoveries of science trench upon this domain of the mysterious; but still the immense wilderness remains.

If it be so difficult to understand the divine works and government, much more incomprehensible is, and ever has been, and will be the divine nature. Who by searching can find out God? Ever since men have thought, metaphysics have been at work with the subject, but not one step of progress has been made in it. Aristotle found it and left it where it is; and Calvin repeats Aristotle; and all *his* repeaters have but found it and left it where it is; and ages before Aristotle and the birth of Occidental metaphysics, old East Indian transcendentalists and gropers in the dark were cuffing and cudgeling their brains and writing Bagavat, Geetas and Vedas and such like about the matter, to enlighten it with excess of darkness; as if, because two negatives may make an affirmative, darkness added to darkness might strike out light. Their perplexed and obfuscated philosophizings were brilliant illuminations for the Orientals, but may be called *lucus a non lucendo*.

The Christian sects still keep at this hopeful work, with a sanguine interest, like a party of moles playing at blind man's buff. They refuse to see the simple fact that it is not given to man to grasp the intangible and to read beyond what is written. The Bible comes to our assistance, but chiefly to publish our duties. The secret things belonging to God it still keeps to himself—the secret things of his essence, his perfections; their relations and various reconcilement; his foreknowledge, decrees and providence as consistent with the freedom of human actions; his loving all and yet permitting suffering; his calmly seeing pain fall upon every thing that breathes and yet being alike infinite in power to prevent it and in compassion to prompt the exercise of that power. In all these mysteries we have only in humility and reverence to lay our hand upon our mouth and our mouth in the dust. Probably to exercise this reverential lowliness and child-like submission and trustfulness, was one object in the appointment of this vast and thick mist that hangs over the universe shrouding all things, the far and the near, with only a faint luminous break here and there.

With the same feelings we should contemplate the Bible, though it was given to clear up a part of the mystery. We should receive it gratefully for the light it brings, but never let even the joy of devout gratitude exhilarate and inflate us into self-conceit and presumptuousness, as if we now understood all mysteries and all knowledge. Humility still becomes the favored Christian. For in proportion as he knows, if he be truly a Christian and a wise man, he will feel that he knows little yet.

The one great mystery most frequently alluded to in the New Testament, was the doctrine that Gentiles were to be called to the Gospel as well as Jews. This is emphatically denoted *the* [illegible] of the Gospel. That it *was* an inconceivable and incredible mystery to the conceited Jews; a deep secret—till revealed. Now that it has been made known, this is no longer a mystery. But there are secrets enough remaining in God and his counsels. Let us stand in awe and adore, and not put forth a rash and profane hand presuming to tear away all folds of the veil that hangs before them.

This may be done in various ways; and it is not one sect of Christians alone that is in danger of falling into the sin. Our Orthodox friends often speak as if only Unitarians were obnoxious to this charge. They may mistake in supposing that Unitarians are even most fond of audaciously tearing down the sublime structure of Biblical mysteries. Others have been full as forward to make free with these. We Unitarians in fact profess, however inadequately we may act up to our professions, the only principle on the subject, as it seems to us, which treats these with the distant and delicate reverence which is their due.

Our principle is, first calmly to search the Scriptures, laboriously and respectfully and gratefully throwing all the light upon them we can, making them in the first place by the science of sacred criticism as much like the original Scriptures of God as possible. Others have more of the grace of easy contentment, but we are not satisfied with any Bible but God's. That which lies on our pulpit desks is not God's, but a translation of it; and it would be treating his most unworthily to let any verse pass as his which we have reason to believe different from the manuscript of the first writers. Our friends too commonly speak of King James' Version as *The* Bible. It is robbing God—giving to another the reverence that is His due. How would we like it if we wrote a letter of advice to our children and dependents, and they made a false copy, and copy from copy, growing falser at every remove, and insisted on using these spurious editions, though we pointed out the discrepancies and requested them to revert to the original writing? Something like this is the Orthodox clinging to King James, and discouraging improved versions.

If in God's genuine Bible mysteries are taught as old secrets then at length revealed, like the calling of the Gentiles, then of course these are no longer mysteries, and our reverence for them as such is turned into intelligent thankfulness for the gracious disclosure.

If mysteries seem taught which contradict one another, then we do not believe both, and for the simple reason that no man can, any more than he can believe an object to be white and black at the same time, or large and small, or hot and cold in the same literal and complete sense and with the same standard of comparison. We conclude that we have erred about one or both, and suppose their being mysterious is full reason enough why we cannot penetrate them throughout so as to see where our error is and reconcile them. Therefore if all our research does not remove the difficulty, we bow and leave it. It is a mystery: we have nothing further to do with it, but to contemplate it modestly and patiently, waiting the dawning of a brighter light, and abstaining from all rash grasping and rude torturing of the matter into any complete and ingenious theory of man's device. We use all the language of Scripture on the subject just as we find it in authentic Scripture, but that is all. We should not philosophize beyond the bounds of what is written. We should not construct theological systems, however ingenious and plausible, and invent enigmas, and forge terms and phrases not in the Bible. This seems to us taking liberties with the mysteries of God—forcing them into our frames and moulds, for the gratification of our passion for systems and exactness, like the philosophical taste of the robber Procrustes for exact fitness, when he chopped off the legs of travellers or stretched them out till they all corresponded with the length of his bed. A human creed is very much such a bed of Procrustes.

And it may be doubted whether it is entirely reverential to God's solemn mysteries, to strain and handle his word deceitfully in order to construct ingeniously puzzling riddles and paradoxes out of its mysteries for the same species of mental excitement wherewith children amuse themselves in "riddle my riddle my ree, come tell my riddle to me."

At any rate it is not good breeding toward a superior whom we venerate to insist on bringing in a light where he wishes to be in darkness and privacy. It puffs us up with the vain conceit that we can make clear what God has left misty and undefined. He has failed to explain it, but we can throw a flood of light on the matter! Or he has not thought it best that we should apprehend it, but we know better than he; we will elucidate to the satisfaction of the meanest capacity! And in addition to other bad effects, this disposition turns off our thoughts from the substantial and practical revelations of the Gospel, which are bright as daylight for all, to these fanciful speculations: and in time attaching most value to the perplexed and elaborate rather than to the simple and direct, we make Christianity to consist in a creed and not in a life.

H. G. E.

For the Register.

REFORMS.

The hindrances to the progress of the human race in virtue and happiness are so numerous and so implicated in the existing states of society, that many despair of a reformation by any of the means which have as yet been devised. These hindrances arise from various sources, which it has long been the desire of philanthropists to stop. The waters they now send forth are bitter and deadly. They must be rendered sweet and salutary before the desired reformations can be effected. The physical hindrances are not so formidable as the moral ones. Great progress in removing the former has already been made in the enlightened portions of the world; at least a knowledge of the way in which they can be removed is so full and accurate, that were the moral hindrances overcome, they would bear upon the race with a light pressure. If we look back a few centuries, and think of the present as compared with the past means and appliances to promote the physical ease and comfort of man, the contrast is most striking. But in looking into the actual condition of society, we see that they are not used as they should be and might be. They are used more for purposes of self-aggrandizement than for moral progress. The steam-boat, the railroad, the magnetic telegraph, and the mechanical inventions by which the processes of labor are facilitated, are all chiefly employed to gratify individual and national selfishness, and the improvement of the race is made but a subsidiary object. The advantages gained by scientific research are used, for the most part, in the same way. The great telescope is paid for by merchants and navigators to make safer the transportation of their goods across the ocean. Facilities are granted for the study of chemistry and geology to increase the profits of mechanical and agricultural industry. A more thorough acquaintance with civil engineering is urged that the hills may be more easily levelled and the valleys filled for the progress of the steam car. The benefit of man as a moral being, capable of moral advancement, and of happiness in proportion to his advancement, is made a secondary consideration, and, too often, it is not considered at all, except by a few who are looked upon by the rest of the world as Utopian schemers and harmless visionaries, rather troublesome, to be sure, when they call for pecuniary means to forward their projects.

The impulse which men have from the love of self is strong enough to urge onward these physical improvements to still greater perfection. But what is the impulse for the moral progress of man? Here we must look to religion, to the love of God and the love of man. Unless this impulse is the prevalent one, keeping the love of self in due subjection, physical improvements will facilitate rather than check the moral evils which pervade the earth, and make men wretched. They will minister to ambition, avarice and sensuality. Instead of being the handmaids of virtue, they will be the purveyors of worldly lust, more successful, because more refined, and showing features less hideous and revolting.

As Christians, we believe that this impulse for the true progress of the race is in the gospel; in that dispensation of grace and truth, of which, under God, Jesus Christ was the author. The impulse given to the world by the gospel is acknowledged on all hands to have been great and beneficent. But it has not yet been felt by the great mass of men in its due strength and power, even in lands called Christian. It has not yet been brought to bear with its full force upon the hearts and lives of a whole population in any country. It has not secured for itself as yet, even in one nation, a controlling majority, comprehending, asserting, and carrying into effect that philanthropic justice which, on the very face of the gospel, is evidently required. This is too manifest to need a single word of illustration.

But what shall be done to give the impulse of the gospel free course? Can any thing be done beyond what is now doing? Are there better means than any yet devised for removing known hindrances? May there not be hindrances yet undiscovered, and which must be removed, before present means and appliances will prove competent for their designed ends? May it not be that we have been and still are putting our shoulders to the wrong wheel? "These are very simple questions," it may be said, "and the affirmative is too evident to require their proposal." As simple as they are, however, yet if answers in detail were given by different persons, many conflicting opinions would be brought forth. Of those who have devised projects for reforms, each is apt to think his own to be the very one on which all the others hang. His ways of accomplishing the object are deemed the very best. He has arranged every step so that if men will only follow him, and supply the requisite means, complete success will soon be realized, and the road made smooth for other benevolent enterprises. It is pleasant to meet such men Their ardor and sanguine hope are inspiriting. They would do more good, however, if they could bear more patiently the coldness, opposition and contradiction which they are pretty sure to meet. It is this want of patience, and, sometimes, even of candor and charity in the leaders of benevolent enterprises, that has raised up many obstinate hindrances to their success. A little difference of opinion in their own ranks about forms and measures has led first to personal vituperation, and then, perhaps, to division and subdivision, till at length the great and good cause, which they all have at heart, is forgotten, and their time and efforts spent about little incidental matters, which, though in fact mere mole-hills, appear, through their morbid vision, to be mountains. Over these bickerings of philanthropists among themselves, the opponents of reform always rejoice and take courage to persevere in their old paths. Often, they throw in the apple of discord, and with the malicious leer of an evil spirit watch for the result.

The success of truth and right is ultimately certain. Intemperance, oppression, and cold-hearted, vain-glorious blood-shedding will not always prevail as they now do to blast the prospects of man. And the sooner the good and the wise can come together and act in concert, so much the sooner will their end be obtained. From what source the impulse for such a co-operation of heads, hands and hearts is to come, we cannot at present see; but it will come, not by our indolently waiting for it; for the condition of its coming is, that Christians work while it is called day, and persevere in well doing. The promise is, "In due season, ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

N. H

For the Register.

THE SABBATH.

Mr. Editor:—If, as I understand, the call for an "Anti-Sabbath Convention" has been made by gentlemen, avowedly or by common repute, denominated Unitarians, then, whatever the movements of that Convention may be, it is likely to involve, in some measure, the reputation of all called Unitarians. Should that Convention declare by Resolutions, or by any expression of common consent, that there is no authority in the Gospel for keeping holy the day now observed as the Christian Sabbath, will it not be seized, by all unfriendly to the Unitarian denomination, as a pretext to denounce them in the mass? There is a law of retribution that visits the iniquities, not only of fathers upon their children, but of children upon their fathers, and of minorities upon majorities, even beyond the third or fourth generation. I do not object to the discussion of the question, whether the Sabbath is authorized by the Bible, or whether the Bible is to be considered as good authority for any law or institution. I wish only, as far as I have power, to guard the denomination with which, however unworthily, I am permitted to be connected, against being implicated by the movements of the contemplated Convention. If the laws of the land to enforce the due observance of the Sabbath are in reality oppressive, let the fact be shown, and let them be modified or repealed. In this all denominations of Christians, I think, would be agreed. But at the same time I am bound to protest against any movement of any Christian denomination, or of a part of such denomination, as shall expose to desecration one of the most essential institutions appointed of God, and bearing a relation to all the rest, as does the key-stone to the arch. Is it proposed to abolish the Christian Sabbath, or only to repeal the laws that have been enacted to guard it against profanation? Should it be asserted by the proposed Convention that Christianity has abrogated or abolished the Sabbath or rest-day, I would ask for their authority for such assertion, and I would request that the Convention will answer and settle several questions.

First, Is there any better authority in the teaching and example of Christ for abolishing or repealing the law that requires the Sabbath to be kept holy, than for abolishing or repealing any other law of the decalogue? If so what is it?

Second, What better reasons are there for the non-observance of the Sabbath than for the non-observance of any other moral law? If there are let them be distinctly given.

Third, If human laws may not be useful to enforce a due observance of the Sabbath, and ought to be repealed, can good reasons be given why all human laws to enforce the commands of God ought not also to be repealed?

Fourth, If the keeping holy a Sabbath was beneficial in a former age of the world, what arguments are there to prove that it is not adapted to be beneficial in the present age? J. R.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Triune: or the Existence of One God, in Three Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. By Rev. Timothy A. Taylor. Boston: James French. 1848.

This is a miniature volume, with gilt edges, gilt covers, ornamental frontispiece, &c. It is dedicated "to young persons in general, especially to those who doubt the existence of one God, in Three Persons."

Great giants are sometimes killed by a small stone out of a sling, as Goliath by David, and great unbelief is sometimes overcome by a solid argument in small compass. In each case, however, it requires some skill and nerve; in both which respects the author of "the Triune" seems deficient. His arguments moreover are not like "stones out of the brook," but rather soft peas.

The book is a very *pretty* book, and our Trinitarian friends may find it a good book to circulate among the young, where there are no special doubts to be removed, nor any special thinking in exercise at all. But they will hardly put it before those for whose understandings they have much respect.

The Dream of Little Tuk, and other Tales, by Hans Christian Anderson. Translated by Charles Boner. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1848.

We are very glad to inform our youthful readers, that they now have the opportunity to read some of the pleasant stories that have been so acceptable on the other side of the Atlantic, and made the name of "Anderson" a household word. "In Copenhagen," says Anderson, to his present translator, "as I walk along the street, the little darlings nod and kiss their hands to me; and they say to one another, 'There's Anderson.'" He is read too in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and probably it will be considered very high testimony, that "several little boys and girls, Miss Edgeworth's nephews and nieces, not only read, but act his stories together in their play hours."

A Christmas Greeting. Thirteen new Stories from the Danish of Hans Christian Anderson. Boston: J. H. Francis. 1848.

This has five stories in common with the other vol. that we have just noticed; the remainder are different. What we have said of one of these books applies of course to both.

The Christian in his Village Home. A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Hon. Joseph Lyman, delivered Dec. 19, 1847. By Rufus Ellis, Pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Northampton.

Mr. Ellis has described a character in glowing terms of affection and admiration, but with great apparent truthfulness. Though never personally acquainted with Judge Lyman, we now feel that we know him, and thank Mr. Ellis for the service he has performed. It is an excellent discourse, and an extract will be found on our first page.

The Position of Unitarianism Defined. A Discourse delivered at the re-opening of the First Independent Church of Baltimore, on Sunday, Jan. 23, 1848, by its Pastor, George W. Burnap.

Mr. B. "rehearses the history of his church and society, by re-stating the principles on which it was founded, the objects to which its energies are directed, the changes which have passed over the religious world since its establishment, and the prospects which the future presents of the dissemination of those great truths which it maintains as vital to Christianity and to man." A wide field of survey surely—but the preacher does his work thoroughly, though comprehensively; with manly vigor, as he does everything else, and with distinguished ability. It is a discourse of great doctrinal and historical value.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Feb., 1848. From T. Wiley, Jr.

This very valuable number is in advance of the English edition which has not yet been received in this country, and it can be obtained at Wiley's.

Union Magazine—Also Columbian Magazine.

We have received the March numbers from Wiley. In the former is an uncommonly fine mezzotint engraving of a snow-scene. Both contain very superior and interesting articles.

☞ The Boston *Evening Traveller* made its appearance on Wednesday, with its sheet enlarged by the addition of more than six columns of matter. It is a gratifying evidence of the sure advances it is making into the public favor, and of the appreciation of the labor, and zeal, and ability of its excellent conductors.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

Congressional. — Proceedings on the Death of John Quincy Adams.—On Thursday, as soon as the House was called to order and the Journal read, the Speaker,—*Hon. Robert C. Winthrop*, — rose and spoke as follows:—

"*Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the United States:*

It has been thought fit that the Chair should announce officially to the House, an event already known to the members individually, and which has filled all our hearts with sadness.

A seat on this floor has been vacated, towards which our eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

A voice has been hushed forever in this hall, to which all ears have been wont to listen with profound reverence.

A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard.

A name has been stricken from the roll of the living statesmen of our land, which has been associated for more than half a century with the highest civil service, and the loftiest civil renown.

On Monday, the 21st instant, John Quincy Adams sunk in his seat, in presence of us all, by a sudden illness, from which he never recovered;—and he died, in the Speaker's room, at a quarter past seven o'clock last evening, with the officers of the House and the delegation of his own Massachusetts around him.

Whatever advanced age, long experience, great ability, vast learning, accumulated public honors, a spotless private character, and a firm religious faith, could do, to render any one an object of interest, respect, and admiration, they had done for this distinguished person; and interest, respect, and admiration are but feeble terms to express the feelings with which the members of this House and the people of the country have long regarded him.

After a life of eighty years, devoted from its earliest maturity to the public service, he has at length gone to his rest. He has been privileged to die at his post; to fall while in the discharge of his duties; to expire beneath the roof the Capitol; and to have his last scene associated forever in history with the birthday of that illustrious patriot, whose just discernment brought him first into the service of his country.

The close of such a life, under such circumstances, is not an event for unmingled emotions. We cannot find it in our hearts to regret, that he has died as he has died. He himself could have desired no other end. 'This is the end of earth,' were his last words, uttered on the day on which he fell. But we might almost hear him exclaiming, as he left us—in a language hardly less familiar to him than his native tongue.—'*Hoc est, nimirum, magis feliciter de vita migrare, quam mori.*' [*Surely this is more a happy removal from the scenes of life, than to die.*]

It is for others to suggest what honors shall be paid to his memory. No acts of ours are necessary to his fame. But it may be due to ourselves and to the country, that the national sense of his character and services should be fitly commemorated."

When Mr. Winthrop had concluded, *Mr. Hudson*, of Mass., addressed the House. Commencing with an appropriate and touching exordium, he passed to enumerate briefly the principal events in the life of his lamented Colleague. These events, taken from a reliable source, will be presented in full on the outside of next week's Register. Mr. Hudson concluded with eulogy of Mr. Adams' social virtues, his love of justice, and inflexible regard for truth, his devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty, all blended with meekness, sobriety, charity; with firm belief in Divine Revelation, trust in God, and devotion to the cause of his Redeemer. He then presented the following Resolutions:—

"*Resolved*, That this House has heard with the deepest sensibility of the death in this Capitol of John Quincy Adams, a member of the House from the State of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That as a testimony of respect for the memory of this distinguished statesman, the officers and members of the House will wear the usual badge of mourning, and attend the funeral in this Hall on Saturday next, at 12 o'clock.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to superintend the funeral solemnities.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this House in relation to the death of John Quincy Adams be communicated to the family of the deceased by the Clerk.

Resolved, That this House, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, do adjourn to Saturday next, the day appointed for the funeral."

Mr. Hudson was followed by Messrs. Holmes of South Carolina, Vinton of Ohio, McDowell of Virginia. We select the remarks of Mr. McDowell, which were as follows:—

"Such for half a century, Mr. Speaker, has been the eminent position of Mr. Adams in the eyes of his countrymen; his participation in the highest honors which it was theirs to give; his intimate association with controlling events in their national annals, and with the formation of that public opinion which brought them about; such the veneration and almost universal homage entertained for his intellect and virtues; and such in all respects his great relations to the entire Union and to the daily thought of its growing millions, that on this sad occasion the language of all its parts will be that of lamentation and of tribute. It is not for Massachusetts to mourn alone over a solitary and exclusive bereavement. It is not for her to feel alone a solitary and exclusive sorrow. No, sir; no! Her sister Commonwealths gather to her side in this hour of her affliction, and, intertwining their arms with hers, they bent together over the bier of her illustrious son—feeling as she feels, and weeping as she weeps, over a sage, a patriot, and a statesman gone! It was in these great characteristics of an individual and public man that his country reverenced that son when living, and such, with a painful sense of her common loss, will she deplore him now that he is dead.

Born in our Revolutionary day and brought up in early and cherished intimacy with the fathers and founders of the republic, he was a living bond of connexion between the present and the past—the venerable representative of the memories of another age, and the zealous, watchful, and powerful one of the expectations, interests, and progressive knowledge of his own.

There he sat, with his intense eye upon everything that passed, the picturesque and rare old man, unapproachable by all others in the unity of his character and in the thousand-fold anxieties which centered upon him. No human being ever entered this hall without turning habitually and with heartfelt deference first to him, and few ever left it without pausing as they went, to pour out their blessings upon that spirit of consecration to the country which brought and kept him here.

Standing upon the extreme boundary of human life, and disdaining all the relaxations and exemptions of age, his outer framework only was crumbling away. The glorious engine within still worked on unhurt, uninjured, amid all the dilapidations around it, and worked on with its wonted and its iron power, until the blow was sent from above which crushed it into fragments before us. And however appalling that blow, and however profoundly it smote upon our own feelings as we beheld its extinguishing effect upon his, where else could it have fallen so fitly as upon him? Where else could he have been relieved from the yoke of his labors so well as in the field where he bore them? Where else would he himself have been so willing to have yielded up his life, as at the post of duty and by the side of that very altar to which he had devoted it? Where but in the capital of his country, to which all the throbbings and hopes of his heart had been given, would the dying patriot be so willing that those hopes and throbbings should cease? And where but from this mansion-house of liberty on earth could this dying Christian more fitly go to his mansion-house of eternal liberty on high?

But kindling to the imagination and soothing even to the feelings as is the death of Mr. Adams, with all the accessories and associations of this spot around him, how infinitely deeper is the interest which is given to it by the conviction that he was willing and ready to meet it? He was happily spared, by the preservation of his rich faculties to the last, from becoming a melancholy spectacle of dotard and drivelling old age. He was still more happily spared, by the just and wise and truthful use of those faculties, from becoming the melancholy and revolting spectacle of irreverent and wicked old age. None knew better or felt more deeply than he that

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die;"

and hence for long years his life has been a continuous and beautiful illustration of the great truth that, whilst the fear of man is the consummation of all folly, the fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom. To such an one "composure" amid the perils of death and when "the last of earth has come," is a supporting power frequently and divinely given; and, if it has not been permitted to him, as to a prophet of old, to be spared the bitterness of death and to go to the heaven that he looked for and that he loved in a chariot of fire, yet to the eye of human faith his access to the same abode has been as speedy and as safe. Instead of wearing away under the waste of disease, and passing through all the woes and weaknesses which dissolving nature generally undergoes, a blow of brief but mortal agony strikes him at once into the tomb, and thus his spirit, instantly freed, goes right up to the parent fountain from which it came. The messenger calls, the soul is in heaven.

At this moment of fresh affliction, whilst standing in the very presence of death, it is not meet to go into any special review of the labors or opinions of the departed. Whatever may be thought of these politically, posterity will never deny to him the possession of great talents, actuated by great virtues, and directed with boldness, honesty, and earnest purpose, for an unequalled length of time, to whatever, in his judgment, was best for the interests, honor, and perpetuity of his country. This is the lesson taught by his life. That which is taught by his death calls upon us all, with solemn appealing cry, 'Be ye ready, for you know not the hour when the Son of man cometh.'"

Mr. McDowell having concluded, Mr. Newell rose and moved this additional resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That the seat in this hall just vacated by the death of the late John Quincy Adams, be unoccupied for thirty days, and that it, together with the hall, remain clothed with the symbol of mourning during that time."

Mr. Newell was followed by Mr. Talmadge of New York, who presented another resolution as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That the Speaker appoint one member of this House from each State and Territory, as a committee to escort the remains of our venerable friend, the honorable John Quincy Adams to the place designated by his friends for his interment."

All these resolutions were unanimously adopted. Mr. Vinton also moved that the Speaker's Announcement of Mr. Adam's death be entered on the Journal;—which was unanimously adopted. The House then adjourned to Saturday.

In the Senate, the message having been delivered from the House, in respect to Mr. Adams' death, Mr. Davis, of Mass., rose to speak. He commenced with allusion to the recent affliction of Mr. Webster, in whose absence the duty devolved on himself to utter the sentiments becoming the occasion. He gave a similar succinct account of the life of the great and good man who had gone from their midst, as Mr. Hudson in the House had also done before him, up to the time of Mr. Adams' taking his seat in the House in December, 1831, which he retained by successive elections to the day of his death. Mr. D. thus concluded:

Mr. Adams was not merely a statesman, but a ripe, accomplished scholar, who, during a life of remarkably well-directed industry, made those great acquirements which adorned his character and gave to it the manly strength of wisdom and intelligence.

As a statesman and patriot, he will rank among the illustrious men of an age prolific in great names, and greatly distinguished for its progress in civilization. The productions of his pen are proofs of a vigorous mind, imbued with a profound knowledge of what it investigates, and of a memory which was singularly retentive and capacious.

But his character is not made up of those conspicuous qualities alone. He will be remembered for the virtues of private life—for his elevated moral example—for his integrity—for his devotion to his duties as a Christian, as a neighbor, and as the head of a family. In all these relations, few persons have set a more steadfast or brighter example, and few have descended to the grave where the broken ties of social and domestic affection have been more sincerely lamented. Great as may be the loss to the public of one so gifted and wise, it is by the family that his death will be most deeply felt. His aged and beloved partner, who has so long shared the honors of his career, and to whom all who know her are bound by the ties of friendship, will believe that we share her grief, mourn her bereavement, and sympathize with her in her affliction.

It is believed to have been the earnest wish of his heart to die, like Chatham, in the midst of his labors. It was a sublime thought, that where he had toiled in the house of the nation, in hours of the day devoted to its service, the stroke of death should reach him, and there sever the ties of love and patriotism which bound him to earth. To describe the scene which ensued would be impossible. It was more than the spontaneous gush of feeling which all such events call forth, so much to the honor of our nature. It was the expression of reverence for his moral worth; of admiration for his great intellectual endowments, and of veneration for his age and public services. All gathered round the sufferer, and the strong sympathy and deep feeling which manifested itself, showed that the business of the House (which was instantly adjourned) was forgotten amid the distressing anxieties of the moment. He was soon removed to the apartment of the Speaker, where he remained surrounded by afflicted friends till the weary clay resigned its immortal spirit. "This is the end of earth!" Brief but emphatic words. They were among the last uttered by the dying Christian.

Thus has closed the life of one whose purity, patriotism, talents, and learning have seldom been seriously questioned. To say that he had faults, would only be declaring that he was human. Let him who is exempt from error venture to point them out. In his long career of public life it would be strange if the venerable man had not met with many who have differed from him in sentiment, or who have condemned his acts. If there be such, let the mantle of oblivion be thrown over each unkind thought.—Let not the grave of the old man eloquent be desecrated by unfriendly remembrances, but let us yield our homage to his many virtues, and let it be our prayer that we may so perform our duties here that, if summoned in a like sudden and appalling manner, we may not be found unprepared or unable to utter his words, "I am composed."

Mr. President, with this imperfect sketch of the character and services of a great man, I leave the subject in the hands of the Senate, by moving the resolutions which I send to the Chair:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with deep sensibility the message from the House of Representatives, announcing the death of the Hon. John Quincy Adams, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That in token of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate will attend his funeral at the hour appointed by the House of Representatives, and will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn until Saturday next, to the time appointed for the funeral.

The resolutions having been read—

Mr. Benton, of Missouri, addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President: The voice of his native State has been heard, through one of the Senators of Massachusetts, announcing the death of her aged and most distinguished son. The voice of the other Senator from Massachusetts is not heard, nor is his presence seen. A domestic calamity, known to us all, and felt by us all, confines him to the chamber of private grief, while the Senate is occupied with the public manifestations of a respect and sorrow which a national loss inspires. In the absence of that Senator, and as the member of this body longest here, it is not unfitting or unbecoming in me to second the motion which has been made for extending the last honors of the Senate to him who, forty-five years ago, was a member of this body, who, at the time of his death, was among the oldest members of the House of Representatives, and who, putting the years of his service together, was the oldest of all the members of the American Government.

The eulogium of Mr. Adams is made in the facts of his life, which the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Davis) has so strikingly stated, that, from early manhood to octogenarian age, he has been constantly and most honorably employed in the public service. For a period of more than fifty years, from the time of his first appointment as minister abroad under Washington to his last election to the House of Representatives by the people of his native district, he has been constantly retained in the public service—and that, not by the favor of a sovereign, or by hereditary title, but by the election and appointments of republican government.—This fact makes the eulogy of the illustrious deceased. For what, except a union of all the qualities which command the esteem and confidence of man, could have ensured a public service so long, by appointments free and popular, and from sources so various and exalted? Minister many times abroad; member of this body; member of the House of Representatives; Cabinet minister; President of the United States; such has been the galaxy of his splendid appointments. And what but moral excellence the most perfect; intellectual ability the most eminent; fidelity the most unwavering; service the most useful, would have commanded such a succession of appointments so exalted, and from sources so various and so eminent? Nothing less could have commanded such a series of appointments; and accordingly we see the union of all these great qualities in him who has received them.

In this long career of public service, Mr. Adams was distinguished not only by faithful attention to all the great duties of his stations, but to all their less and minor duties. He was not the Salaminian galley, to be launched only on extraordinary occasions; but he was the ready vessel, always launched when the duties of his station required it, be the occasion great or small. As President, as cabinet minister, as minister abroad, he examined all questions that came before him, and examined all, in all their parts, in all the minutiæ of their detail, as well as in all the vastness of their comprehension.—As Senator, and as a Member of the House of Representatives, the obscure committee room was as much the witness of his laborious application to the drudgery of legislation as the halls of the two Houses were to the ever-ready speech, replete with knowledge, which instructed all hearers, enlightened all subjects, and gave dignity and ornament to debate.

In the observance of all the proprieties of life, Mr. Adams was a most noble and impressive example. He cultivated the minor as well as the greater virtues. Wherever his presence could give aid and countenance to what was useful and honorable to man, there he was. In the exercises of the school and of the college—in the meritorious meetings of the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial societies—in attendance upon Divine worship—he gave the punctual attendance rarely seen but in those who are free from the weight of public cares.

Punctual to every duty, death found him at the post of duty, and where else could it have found him, at any stage of his career, for the fifty years of his illustrious public life? From the time of his first appointment by Washington to his last election by the people of his native town, where could death have found him but at the post of duty? At that post, in the fulness of age, in the ripeness of renown; crowned with honors, surrounded by his family, his friends and admirers, and in the very presence of the national representation, he has been gathered to his fathers, leaving behind him the memory of public services which are the history of his country for half a century, and the example of a life, public and private, which should be the study and the model of the generations of his countrymen.

When Mr. B. concluded, the resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Senate adjourned to Saturday.

Massachusetts Legislature.

In the Senate, on Friday, the Journal having been read, Mr. Buckingham rose to announce the death of John Quincy Adams. We have room only for the conclusion of his brief but very emphatic speech—which was as follows:

"The lips of that "old man eloquent" are cold and motionless; the eye that beamed intelligence is sealed in that "sleep that knows no waking;" the voice, so often heard pleading the cause of oppressed humanity, is hushed in the silence of death; his heart, whose every pulsation was a token of rebellion against unrighteous power, or a struggle for human freedom, has ceased to move. But his virtues will forever bloom by the side of the river of the water of life, and shed their fragrance over the country they have honored, adorned and blessed.'

In the House, very appropriate addresses on the occasion were made by Messrs Bulloch of Worcester, and Dwight of Springfield. We give extracts from the remarks of the latter.

"Mr. Speaker, a learned, eloquent, faithful public servant has found "the end of earth." Venerable, and full of years, full of honors, of knowledge, of learning, full of the spirit of liberty, with his natural force hardly abated, his natural vigor unvanquished, he has fallen in the midst of his labors—on the field of his bloodless fame, *felix non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis*—[fortunate not only in the renown of his life, but in the time and circumstances of his death—] a hero of admired courage and unstained hands—a champion with no other sword than that of the spirit, but dreaded by the oppressor, and loved by the oppressed. He was the living history of our country. His public life was coeval with the foundation of the republic. He conversed and counselled with Washington, with Jefferson, with Madison, and with Monroe; and was connected, at home or abroad, with the administration of each—and, in his own administration, he was the representative of the fathers of the republic.

But so imbued with the spirit of the fathers of the republic, that his character seemed an embodiment of the heroic past, with singular felicity he, a remnant of a past generation lingering on the stage of action, connected himself more with the future than the past. He shadowed forth the ideas by which the world is to be carried along in its future progress; he was the champion of human rights, not yet vindicated, and which are yet, for a long time, to agitate the world—he led the van in the contest of liberty against slavery—the future history of the country is to be influenced, moulded, formed, shaped more by his spirit than by that of any other man of the age.

Channing was the silent student, the eloquent expounder of the rights of man. Adams was, in living action, their defender, champion, vindicator. Webster is the able expounder of the Constitution, and the friend of well-regulated liberty; Adams himself administered the Constitution in its true spirit, and *his* life is the history of republican liberty and democratic freedom."

Mr. D. dwelt in conclusion on Mr. Adams as a Statesman, Patriot, Man of Science, Scholar, and Christian. "Nothing can rob our institutions of the glory of having produced such a man."

On Saturday, appropriate Resolves were adopted in the two houses of the Legislature, and, among them, that President Everett be invited to deliver an eulogy, at some time during the present Session, on the life and character of John Quincy Adams.

On Monday, a communication was received from President Everett, accepting his appointment.

FUNERAL OF MR. ADAMS.

Washington, Feb. 26.—the funeral of the late Ex-president Adams was celebrated to-day, with great solemnity and every manifestation of deep feeling. A more impressive scene was never witnessed in this city, not even at the funeral of General Harrison. The occasion was, however, very different from that. The feeling of the public, though solemn, was not on this occasion, one of gloom; and the object appeared to be, less to express grief at the happy death, than admiration of the illustrious life of the departed patriarch.

According to an order from the War Department, minute guns were fired from sunrise till 12 o'clock. The Executive Departments were put in mourning, and many of the private buildings in Pennsylvania Avenue were also hung with black. The stores were closed, and all business suspended. The various societies and public bodies commenced forming at eleven o'clock, and moved toward the capital under military escort. The crowd in and around the capitol was unprecedented. Many people had come in from the country around to witness the ceremonies. A large portion of the Legislature of Maryland and many citizens from Annapolis and Baltimore were present.

At ten minutes before 12 o'clock, the Speaker called the House to order, at which moment the bell on Capitol Hill commenced its solemn tolling as the signal for the commencement of the ceremonies. The President of the United States and Heads of the Departments entered the hall—the former taking his seat on the right of the Speaker. The Judges of the Supreme Court in their gowns; the Officers of the Army and Navy, in full uniform; the Foreign Ministers and their suits, in splendid costume, followed, and took their seats upon the right and left of the area in front of the Speaker's chair. The Senate of the United States then entered with the Vice President, the latter taking his seat on the Speaker's left. Mr. C. F. Adams and others of the family, and friends of the deceased, occupied a range of seats provided for them at the left of the area.

After a prayer of some minutes, Senators Webster and Davis and the Massachusetts delegation, as mourners, in black scarfs and bands, entered the hall, preceding the coffin, which was brought in in charge of the Pall-Bearers and the Committee of Arrangements. The coffin was placed on the bier in the area, in front of the Speaker. After depositing the coffin, those who had it in charge remained standing around it for a number of minutes in impressive silence, while the whole assembly rose.

The coffin, which was of lead inclosed in mahogany, was silver mounted and covered with black silk velvet, trimmed with silver. A silver heart-shaped plate, decorated with a spread-eagle, bears the following inscription, which was written at the request of the Massachusetts delegation, by Daniel Webster, to wit:

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS:
BORN
An inhabitant of Massachusetts,
July 11, 1767.
DIED
A citizen of the United States, in the
Capitol, at Washington,
February 23, 1848,
Having served his country for half a century,
And enjoyed its highest honors.

The hangings over the Speaker's chair were suspended in black, as also was the figure of History over the principal entrance, and the portraits of Washington and Lafayette, &c.

The Chaplain of the House, the Rev. Mr. Gurley, opened the service with prayer. This was followed by a solemn dirge sung by a choir in the Ladies' Gallery. An appropriate address was delivered by the Chaplain, occupying about fifty minutes. The closing hymn was sung by the choir, and the funeral procession was then formed moving through the Rotunda to the East Portico of the Capitol, where the carriages were in waiting.

The funeral car, though simple, was very tasteful and elegant. The Bier was decorated with funeral urns, and the canopy over the coffin was surmounted by an Eagle—the whole being covered with velvet and crape. The car was drawn by six elegant white horses, caparisoned in black; and led by grooms in white scarfs.

The funeral *cortege*, preceded by a troop of horse and battalion of infantry, moved in long and imposing procession to the Congressional Cemetery.—The coffin was there deposited in the receiving vault, after the performance of the burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. [Journal of Commerce.

Simultaneous Temperance Anniversary. Faneuil Hall was densely crowded Tues evening by a most enthusiastic audience. His Excellency, the Governor, presided. He would call their attention to the evils of wine drinking, particularly among the young. He had often said to young men proposing to find employment in the city, that under Providence their destiny was in their own hands; if they cultivated habits of temperance, shunned the paths of temptation, were strictly honest and attentive to their business, there would be high and noble-minded merchants who would be ready to assist them, and then they were sure of doing well.

But if they pursued an opposite course, were neglectful of their business, indulged in wine, and associated with wild and dissipated young men, they were just as sure to work out their own ruin. He had learned that day one new fact which he considered of great importance.—About two years ago the Legislature had appointed a committee to make inquiry in regard to the idiots in the Commonwealth. Dr. Howe, of South Boston, was the Chairman of that Committee, and he, after careful investigation, had that afternoon reported to him (the Governor) that there were from 1200 to 1300 idiots in Massachusetts; and also the astounding fact that from 1100 to 1200 of them were born of drunken parents!

Rev. Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, next addressed the meeting. He had been connected with the temperance movement from the first. He had assisted in the formation of the first temperance society in Boston, on the 4th of February, 1813. He had been in the habit of keeping a journal, and the two first entries that he had made, were: "Be surprised at nothing," and "What hath God wrought!" He had lived to see the truth of both these mottoes. He had preached fifty-one years in one place, if they could believe it. In Brookline, when he was first acquainted there, there was not one farmer who did not use alcoholic drink, and furnish it to his men; now there was not one farmer that either used it himself or provided it for others. He was connected with Harvard University; but he had not dined with them for many years, because they furnished wine at their dinner; but last year he had partaken of a glorious cold-water dinner with the President and Fellows of that college. "Be surprised at nothing."

Thus far the Traveller. Other persons also addressed the meeting, Dr. Guest, Gentlemen, and three hearty cheers were given in conclusion to Governor Briggs.

Deferred Foreign Items.

Resolutions concerning the pecuniary difficulties in which the Evangelical Society of Geneva, is at present involved.

Considering 1stly. That the debt of the Society, on the 31st, of December next will amount to the sum of 96,193 francs, (about £6840 sterling);

2ndly. That, at the request of the Bankers of the Society, the members of the Committee have been obliged to give personal securities, to the amount of a large part of this sum;

3rdly. That the state of penury and anxiety which exists in Switzerland, in consequence of the breaking out of civil war does not allow the Committee to expect the usual contributions, and still less, sufficient to cover the deficit;

4thly. That the agitation and uneasiness prevalent throughout Europe, either from political excitement, or commercial and agricultural difficulties, lead us to fear a general falling off in our resources, while on the other hand, the interests of the kingdom of God require that the work of the Society should be vigorously carried on in all its branches;

A General Commite of the Geneva Evangelical Society, has come to the following Resolutions:

Resolved 1st. That the Geneva Evangelical Society, will make known its wants, to its friends of the United States of America, requesting them to do what may be in their power to come to its assistance, either by their own exertions among the members of their respective Churches, or the inhabitants of the same places, or by requesting other friends, in more distant places to do the same:

2ndly. To this effect, the Society will address a special appeal to its friends, the Rev. Edward Kirk and Rev. Wm. Rogers, Boston; the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Albany; the Rev. Dr. Baird, Rev. Dr. Cox, Rev. Dr. Skinner, Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander, the Rev. Dr. Proudfit, Rev. Dr. Erskine Mason and Hon. Walter Lowrie, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, New-York; the Rev. Dr. Bethune and Rev. Dr. Boardman (or his congregation) Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, Lexington, Kentucky [2d V. Ob.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE. In addition to the usual morning and afternoon services, the Indiana Street Church will be opened *every Sunday Evening*, for public worship, to be conducted by clergymen in the city and vicinity.

☞ Rev. F. D. Huntington will preach at the Indiana Street Church, next Sunday evening, March 5th, on the "Observance of the Lor."s Day."

☞ On Sunday Evenings the seats will be free; and a collection will be taken to defray expenses and in aid of the Society. march4

☞ THE QUARTERLY CHARITY LECTURE, will be preached in the Old South Church, tomorrow, (Sunday) Evening, at 7 o'clock. march4

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society, acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, contributed by the Teachers of the Sunday School connected with the First Parish in Gloucester, Mass., to constitute their Pastor, Rev. Josiah K. Waite, a Life Member of the Society.
Boston, March 4th, 1848.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Nathan R. Hill of Cambridge to Miss Augusta Sanderson of Boston.

Feb. 23d, by Rev Dr Frothingham, Mr Augustus Whittemore to Miss Sarah Brooks, daughter of Mr Samuel H. Babcock.

23d ultimo, Hon. Gershom B. Weston of Duxbury to Miss Deborah B. Brownell, daughter of the late Edmund Brownell, Esq., of Little Compton, R. I.

In Norton, by Rev Amory Gale, Mr Stillman L. B. Smith to Miss Ann E. Torrey.

In New Bedford, on the 23d ult, by Rev Mr Weiss, Mr Griffin B. Davenport of Richmond Va., to Miss Alice H. Allen, daughter of Gideon Allen, of N. B.

In Charlestown, N. H., Feb. 3, by Rev J. Crosby, Mr George Webster, of the firm of Chandler & Webster, Paper Mill Village, to Miss Rebecca A. Brooks of Charlestown.

In New York city, on Tuesday, the 22d ult, at the Church of the Messiah, by Rev Henry W. Bellows, James D. Comstock to Mary Phillips, daughter of Israel Brown, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, 26th ult, Elizabeth Ellerton, daughter of Giles Lodge, 35.

In Cambridgeport, March 1, Mrs Hannah Ellis, wife of Mr Luke Hemenway, 69.

In Beverly, 21st ult, Susan Emma, youngest daughter of Dr. S. Stocking, of Boston, 11 years.

In Framingham, Feb. 29, Dr John B. Kittredge, 76

In Providence, 23d ult, Allen W., infant son of Allen and Abby D. W. Munroe, 3 yrs.

From the Old Dominion. Waynesborough, Augusta County, Va., March 19, 1847. Dr. Fowle.

During the past year, my daughter was sick with a fever about two or three months; this left her in a low and feeble state, she then was attacked with a most violent and severe cough, raised daily large quantities of very bad corrupted matter, accompanied with considerable blood. She was afflicted with great pain in the side and breast,—this continued for several months, until she was reduced almost to a skeleton. During this time she was under the care of good and skilful physicians, who done their best, but did not remove the symptoms which appeared to be *fatal Consumption*, and which threatened every day to carry her off. At last, a friend who had been afflicted with a very bad cough for several years, told me *he was effectually cured* with Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and recommended my daughter to try it. She did so, and when she had taken a single bottle, she began to improve. I then told her physician that my daughter was using Wistar's Balsam. He replied very well, *I think it a good preparation*—keep on, it will not hurt her,—she continued to use it until she was restored to good health. I believe it *saved my daughter's life*, and do not hesitate to recommend others who are afflicted as my daughter was, to try it.
RICHARD TERREL.

N. B. Let those who have any doubts about the merits of this popular medicine, go to their own neighbors for proof of its efficacy.

☞ Beware of the Syrups, and all other preparations of Wild Cherry. Buy none but the genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam, signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, Boston, and by Druggists generally. march4

☞ THE CAMBRIDGE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, will meet in Cambridgeport, at the House of Rev. Mr. Muzzey, on Tuesday, the 7th inst.
march4 WM. NEWELL, Scribe.

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—ALSO—
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A Clergyman writes us:—I am not acquainted with any similar collection in the English Language that can compare with it for purposes of instruction or amusement. I should rejoice to see that set of books in every house in our country. I cannot think of any method by which a father can more materially benefit his children than by surrounding them with good books, and if these charming and attractive volumes can be placed in the hands of the young, they will have their tastes formed for good reading. I shall labor to see the Miscellany circulated among the friends, and shall lose no opportunity to commend it everywhere."
GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,
PUBLISHERS,
march4 3tis 59 Washington street.

New and Valuable Books. A New Edition of Mr. Ware's Problus under the name of Augustus Christmas Greeting, thirteen new Stories—by Hans Christian Anderson; Ollendorf's Spanish Grammar; Lamson Parsonage, part 2, Germany, England and Scotland—by D'Aubigne; Mark Witton the Merchant's Clerk—by C. B. Taylor; A system of English versification—by Erastus Everett; A History of the Florida War, 1 vol 8vo, 10 Engravings; Historical and secret memoir of the Empress Josephine, 2 vols 12mo; Tales and Stories from History—by Agnes Strickland; Orlandino—by Miss Edgeworth; Hactenus—by the Author of Proverbial Philosophy; Proverbial Philosophy, a new edition with steel Portrait of the Author; The Princess—by Alfred Tennyson; Scenes at Washington; Jane Eyre; The Silent Pastor; Mr. Whitwell's New Translation of the Romans; Sermons on Christian Communion, &c., &c. For sale by
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2. The Princess—by Tennyson.
3. French Frigate, "Peyche"—a new shell.
4. Mrs. Shelley—by Geo. Gilfillan.
5. School of Industry for Thugs.
6. Last years of Frederick the Great.
7. Fugitive, Perishing Mormons.
8. General Taylor.
9. Plates of Boydell's Shakspeare.
10. Switzerland and Italy.
11. From our own correspondent at Paris.

Published every Week at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets.

☞ The Entrance to the Office is now in Bromfield Street: 1tis march4

Washington, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.
J. Q. ADAMS.

The Christian Examiner and Religious Miscellany, No. CXLVI,—for March, 1848.

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II. Rev. Samuel Ripley.
III. The Claims of the Ministry.
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VI. Italy and Pius the Ninth.
VII. Hedge's Prose Writers of Germany.
VIII. Prison Discipline.
IX. Sermons on Christian Communion.
X. Notices of Recent Publications.
XI. Intelligence.
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Note.—The most prevalent and fatal of all diseases incident to our climate, *Consumption*, may generally be traced to a slight cold. By an estimate not long since made, it appears that upwards of *one hundred and fifty thousand die* annually of *Pulmonary* Complaints. *Take heed*, delays are dangerous.
nov6 isly

Sabbath School Manuals. The Subscribers are publishers of several Manuals highly approved of in Sabbath Schools. Among them,—are

Dr Cartee's Questions on the New Testament, in two parts.
Mr Huntington's Lessons on the Parables.
Fox's Manual on the Book of Acts, with questions.
Fox's Ministry of Christ, with questions; a new edition.
First Book for Sunday Schools.
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Peabody's Scripture Catechism, &c., &c.
They have also, in preparation, a new Manual intended for the higher classes in our Sunday Schools.
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CROSBY & NICHOLS,
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New Unitarian Tracts. Sin Wrongs the Soul—by Rev J. W. Thompson.
Preaching Christ—by Rev R. P. Stebbins.
Union with God and Man—by Rev A. A. Livermore.
What becomes Me? or the Liberal View of Man's Nature considered as a motive in the formation of character—by Rev Dr Barrett—for January, 1848.
This day published by CROSBY & NICHOLS a the Tract Depository,
jan29 is3t 111 Washington street.

New Books. James Munroe & Co.,—have received the following new books: The Princess, by Tennyson, 50 cents—Hectenus, a new volume of poems, by Tupper, with portrait, 25 cents—James II., a tale by R. P. James, 25 cents—The Emigrant of Ahadurra, by W. Carlton, 37½ cts—Mirror of a Physician, 2 vols, 75 cts—Now and Then, by Warren, author of Diary of a Physician, 75 cts—The Well Spent Hour, by Mrs Follen—new edition—37½ cts.—The Birth Day, a Sequel to Well Spent Hour, 37½ cts. Reminiscences of the best hours of life for the hour of Death, etc., by Jean

POETRY.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft, low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by thy moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, O, heed thy feet!
O keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

[Graham's Magazine for January.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WELSH ANECDOTE.

JACOB'S LADDER.

[Selected for the Register.]

A Welsh clergyman invited to assist in the ordination of a minister in some part of England, was appointed to deliver the address to the church and congregation; and having been informed that their previous minister suffered much from pecuniary embarrassment, although the church was fully able to support him comfortably, took the following method of administering reproof. In his address to the church, he remarked, "you have been praying, no doubt, that God would send you a man after his own heart, to be your pastor. You did well. God, we hope, has heard your prayer, and given you such a minister as he approves, who will go in and out before you, and feed your souls with the bread of life. But now you have prayed for a minister, and God has given you one to your mind, you have something more to do; you must take care of him, and in order to his being happy among you, you have need to pray again. "Pray again! pray again! What should we pray for?" Well I think you have need to pray again.—"Pray for what?" Why, I'll tell you.—Pray that God would put Jacob's ladder down again to the earth. "Jacob's ladder!" "What has Jacob's ladder to do with our minister?" "Why, I think if God would put Jacob's ladder down, that your minister could go up into heaven every sabbath evening, after preaching, and remain all the week, then he could come down every sabbath morning, so spiritually minded, and so full of heaven, that he could preach to you almost like an angel. "Oh yes, that may be very well, and if it were possible, we should like it; but then we need our minister through the week, to attend prayer smeetings, visit the sick, hear experience, give advice, and therefore must have him always with us; we want the whole of his time and attention." That may be, and I will admit the daily necessity of his attention to your concerns; but then you will remember, that if he remain here, he must have bread and cheese; and I have been told that your former minister was often wanting the common necessaries of life, while many of you can enjoy its luxuries; and therefore, I thought if God would put Jacob's ladder down, your present minister might preach to you on the sabbath, and by going up into heaven after the services of the day, save you the painful necessity of supporting him.

L. G. P.

[From the Massachusetts Teacher.]

THE SLEIGH RIDE,

OR TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

Young people commit more faults from thoughtlessness, than from intent to do wrong; and want of reflection leads children astray much oftener than want of principle. Indifference to the feelings of the aged, a proneness to make light of peculiarities, are, however, occasionally indulged in by the young,—and, in the excitement of the momentary gratification which such merriment may produce, all thought of the wrong and all sense of the right, are equally forgotten. The proverb of the wisest man saith, 'The glory of young men is their strength; and the beauty of old men is the gray head.' The strength of the young should protect and defend the beauty of the old. The hoary head should ever be respected, whatever may be the outward condition of its possessor; and neither sport nor ridicule should be thrown upon him whose enfeebled strength scarce suffices to bear the weight of the many years with which time has burdened him.

The following narrative, which is strictly true, illustrates what has been observed, and proves, that the just recompense of a thoughtless fault may be much more speedily repaid to those who commit it, than may be either expected or desired by them. The common saying, of 'waking up the wrong passenger,' is peculiarly applicable to the case.

In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. There were about twenty-five or thirty boys engaged in the frolic. The sleigh was a very large and splendid *establishment*, drawn by six grey horses. The afternoon was as beautiful as any body could desire, and the merry group enjoyed themselves in the highest degree. It was a common custom of the school to which they belonged, and on previous occasions their teacher had accompanied them.—Some engagement upon important business, however, occupying him, he was not, at this time with them. It is quite likely, had it been otherwise, that the restraining influence of his presence would have prevented the scene which is the main feature of the present story.

On the day following the ride, as he entered the school-room, he found his pupils grouped about the stove, and in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. He stopped awhile and listened, and in answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads, a fine, frank and manly boy, whose heart was in the right place, though his love of sport sometimes led him astray, volunteered to give a narrative of their trip and its various incidents. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed, "O sir! there was one little circumstance which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, as we were coming home, we saw, at some distance ahead of us, a queer looking affair in the road.' We could not exactly make out what it was. It seemed to be a sort of half-and-half monstrosity. As we approached it, it proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road. Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. These we gave with a relish, and they produced the right effect, and a little more, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow by the side of the road, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot. As we passed, some one who had the whip gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant.—And so, with another volley of snow-balls, pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by. With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and beneath a rusty cloak, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse!" 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

'Well, boys,' replied the instructor, 'that is quite an incident. But take your seats, and, after our morning service is ended, I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too.'

Having finished the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and after all had joined in the Lord's prayer, he commenced, as follows:—

"Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable and respectable old man, and a clergyman by profession, was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying, as he proposed to do, in the spring, he took with him his light wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.—He was, just as I have told you, very old and infirm; his temples were covered with thinned locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened; his sight, and hearing too, were somewhat blunted by age, as yours will be, should you live to be as old. He was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth; when he had perilled his life in fighting for the liberties of his country;—to the scenes of his manhood, when he had preached the gospel of his divine Master to the heathen of the remote wilderness; and to the scenes of riper years, when the hard hand of penury had laid heavily upon him. While thus occupied, almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon. In his trepidation he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he found it impossible to gather them up, and his horse began to run away.

In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out, turn out, old fellow,'—'give us the road, old boy,'—'What'll you take for your pony, old daddy?' 'Go it, frozen-nose,'—'What's the price of oats!' were the various cries that met his ear.

'Pray, do not frighten my horse,' exclaimed the infirm driver.

'Turn out, then; turn out,' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous huzzas from the boys who were in it.

The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, after some exertion, to secure his reins, which had been out of his hands during the whole of the affray, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

As he approached Salem, he overtook a young man who was walking toward the same place, and whom he invited to ride. The young man alluded to the 'grand sleigh,' which had just passed, which induced the old gentleman to inquire if he knew who the boys were. He replied that he did—that they all belonged to one school, and were a set of wild fellows.

'Aha!' exclaimed the former, with a hearty laugh, (for his constant good nature had not been disturbed) do they, indeed! Why, their master is very well known to me. I am now going to his house, and I rather think I shall give him the benefit of this whole story.'

A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for.

That son, boys, is your instructor; and that aged and infirm old man, that '*old fellow*,' and '*old boy*,' (who did not turn out for you, but who would have gladly given you the whole road, had he heard your approach,) that '*old boy*,' and '*old daddy*,'' and '*old frozen-nose*,' was your master's father!"

It is not easy to describe, nor to imagine, the effect produced by this new translation of the boy's own narrative. Some buried their heads behind their desks; some cried; some looked askant at each other, and many hastened down to the desk of the teacher, with apologies, regrets, and acknowledgements, without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to inoffensive travellers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

* * * * * * *

Years have passed by—the lads are men, though some have found an early grave—the 'manly boy' is 'in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.' They who survive, should this story meet their eye, will easily recall its scenes, and throw their memories back to the 'School-house in Federal street,' and to their old friend and well-wisher,

H. K. OLIVER.

WOMEN CAN'T LIVE BY PLAIN SEWING.

"Women can't live by plain sewing in New York," said a feeble mother whose marred visage betrayed the brooding sorrow that preyed upon her spirits. A young daughter by her side spoke soothingly, but she only answered by the falling tear, and the quickened stroke of her needle.

The furniture of the room, not yet sent to the pawnbroker's—indicated that she had seen better days—her dress and language bespoke true modesty and intelligence, and we knew enough of her history, and that of too many others, to give force to the expression she had just uttered; enough, too, to make us wish to say to parents, "educate your daughters so that they may earn a livelihood by something else besides plain sewing."

"Women can't live by plain sewing in New York." How then are they to live? there are scores and hondreds of widowed mothers who have no other dependence. They wish to keep their children together, preserve them from hunger and nakedness, and more than all from the besetments of vice. They are willing to rise early, sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness—to ply the needle

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red."

if they can only live honestly by the work of their hands. But when all efforts fail, and the sickening anguish of despair drinks up the spirits, then is their situation truly pitiable.

An illustration of this sort—*fact* not fiction—will exhibit a case in point. A worthy mother, who had long struggled with the reverses of city life, and "wrought as woman can"—unaided, uncomplaining, but compensated for her unwearied toil while blest with filial love and obedience—a mother who had taught her children industry and virtue, and doted much on the eldest, an amiable, deserving daughter, who aided her week in and week out in the support of the family, by making vests at 12 cents a piece—lately called on a friend of ours, weighed down with trouble. She saw above her moral horizon, a dark cloud gathering, that threatened to sweep away her cherished hopes, and leave her desolate. She sought advice and aid, but sought it too late. The die was already cast.

Said our informant, the tale that mother told was terrible—it was also authenticated by other reliable testimony. The daughter alluded to was interesting, was intelligent and aspiring, of fair countenance, and a fair mark for the tempter. She said they had worked for professedly Christian employers, at the prices above named, earning a pittance barely sufficient to support life, and often want had stared them in the face.—They could have obtained shirt making at from 10 to 30 cents, including trimmings, stitched bosoms, &c, but this would have been no gain. After a time the child became restive and heartsick, her feelings were soured toward her race, and ambition wholly failed. She expressed her skepticism, and pained her mother's heart by uttering the belief that "*Christians cared less that she should be virtuous than they did to get the profits of her labor.*" The mother knew there were those waiting for her halting, whispering in her ear, "why toil thus for nothing?"—and seeking for opportunities to beguile her with enticing words—and she learned subsequently, to her surprise and horror, that her daughter's virtue had already paid the price of working at starvation prices.

Could we exhibit a table of statistics showing accurately the number of victims, comprising the yearly sacrifice made to the Moloch worshipped by unprincipled employers in our cities, it would be a startling record. But such a record is kept, and will one day be presented in characters that all may read.

"O! if there be a doom more dread
Than others on the Judgment day,
It sure must be for those who've led
The pure and gentle far astray.
There may be pardon for the knave,
And mercy for the knave that stole;
Can Heaven's mercy e'er forgive
The murder of a human soul!"

Can there be a reform effected in the prices paid for female labor? There is an immense amount of work done by seampstresses in this city, and the origin of the low prices is said to be this. Mr. A B and C, merchants from the South or elsewhere—more likely to be from a *slave region* than otherwise—come to New York in the autumn, take rooms, purchase the raw material, and when fitted by the quantity, advertise for hands. Hundreds rush at once to the spot, and the demand for work is so great, that it is taken at any price the employer may please to give. Thus he gets a large stock manufactured for a mere song—returns to his home and lines his pockets with the profits. The resident wholesale dealers, with a few honorable exceptions, go through much the same preliminary process, and have their work done by those who will work the cheapest. Thus they can afford to undersell their more honorable neighbors, and compel them either to follow their example, or permit their customers to be monopolized. How can this matter be remedied! The gathering swarms flocking from beyond the sea, at every day increasing the evil, by adding to the number of the destitute and dependent.

WOMAN.

[From Tennyson's Princess.]

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free;
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to the goal;
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natur'd, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

* * * * * * *

"For woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse, could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man:
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
More as the double natured Poet each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love,
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man:
Then reigns the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

THE MONT ST. BERNARD MONKS.

A paragraph from a foreign journal is going the rounds, denouncing with fiery indignation the alleged cruelty and wickedness of the recently successful party in Switzerland in expelling, as is charged, the good monks of St. Bernard from their celebrated *hospice*. It is but fair, therefore, to give a hearing to the party accused, who are vindicated in the following paragraph from another foreign journal:

You are aware that the monastery of the Great St. Bernard has been abandoned by its monks; they have retired, with their superior, to a villa they caused to be built in Piedmont four years since, as they foresaw the events which have occurred. Their flight, notwithstanding the malevolent reports which have been circulated on this subject, was voluntary; the provisional government of the Valais have in nowise expelled them from their convent, and they are perfectly free to return thither. They have not been despoiled of their property, but merely condemned to pay a fine—a measure which was taken toward all those who excited to the revolt against the Diet.

The fine, however, which was demanded of this convent, one of the richest of Switzerland, amounted only to some tens of thousands of francs, and will be covered, and more, by the offerings of those who visit the hospital in the course of the ensuing year. You are aware that the hospitality which is practised, gratuitously in appearance, toward the traveller, by these brethren, is in reality productive of a very considerable revenue to the convent. You see to what proportions these pretended spoliations are reduced, and what are the acts styled savage of which they have been the victims. This fine, which has been exaggerated into such a mighty affair, is scarcely a deed of severity, if we consider the part these brethren have acted of late years. Changing their ministry of peace into a ministry of hatred and war, we have seen them in the churches of the Entre-Mont, preaching discord and preparing civil war. No person has forgotten, in particular, the sermons of the provost in the good town of Martigny. It is but just to say that the conduct of the brethren has not been foreign to the massacres of 1844, nor to the revolt against the confederacy. The convent is for the present trusted to the care of thirty soldiers, under the command of M. Piotta of Martigny.

RESEARCHES AT NINEVEH OR NIMROOD.

At the ordinary meeting of the Royal Institute of Architects, on the 10th ult., Mr. Tite introduced Mr. Layard, who, in some remarks on his recent researches, stated that the date of the ruins discovered was still a mystery, but there could be no doubt of their extreme antiquity. He would afford them one proof of it: the earliest buildings in Nineveh were buried, and the earth which had accumulated over them had been used as a burial-place by a nation who lived seven hundred years before Christ. Probably the buildings dated from one thousand two hundred years before Christ. The rooms were lined with slabs of marble, covered with bas-reliefs, such as those now in the British Museum, which were joined together by double dovetails of iron. The doorways were flanked by winged-figures of greater height than the slabs: on all these figures was the mark of blood, as if thrown against them, and allowed to trickle down. The walls were of sun-dried bricks, and where these showed above the sculptured slabs, up to the ceiling, they were covered with plaster and painted. The beams, where they remained, were found to be of mulberry. That the slabs should have been preserved so long puzzled many. The truth is, however, the bricks, being simply dried in the sun, in falling had returned to the earth, and had thus buried the tablets and protected them. The buildings, he said, were provided with a complete system of sewerage. Each room had a drain connected with a main sewer. Mr. Layard then proceeded to say that in the midst of the ruins he had discovered a small chamber, formed of bricks regularly arched. The bas reliefs sent over by him were, in many cases, found in positions showing that they had been taken from other buildings and re-used: the sculptured face of the slab, for example, was turned to the wall, and the back reworked.—Builder.

ALLIGATORS IN WESTERN AFRICA.

During my residence at Mansu, about fifty miles from Cape Coast Castle, I was engaged in building a house. One morning I sent out the school boys to collect some bamboos for the purpose of erecting a fence. In the course of their search for them, they discovered the nest of an alligator, which they robbed of its eggs. These eggs are thought to be a great delicacy, and are anxiously sought after by the rich. These, therefore, were distributed amongst the chiefs and principal people; and I, being thought a person of some consequence, had two given me as my share. On their being brought to me, my curiosity was excited to see this nest, and I ask the boys to show me the place where they had found it. They accordingly took me to the place. The alligators had chosen the root of a large tree, around which grew a great number of the gigantic climbers so common in tropical countries. The nest was composed of loose vegetable matter, which they had collected together from the ground around the tree, and which was so carefully done that one would have thought it had been swept. They had then drawn it among those large climbers, and matted it so firmly together that it resembled a piece of coarse felt; and it was with great difficulty that it could be separated in order to obtain the eggs. The heap thus formed, consisted of at least a large wagon load of this vegetable matter, and the heat was so great, arising from the fermentation and gradual decay of the mass, that it was with difficulty that I could bear my hand in it for five minutes at a time. In this we see the goodness of God manifested towards even this portion of his creation, in directing their instinct to avail itself of the steady heat generated by the fermentation of a mass of decomposing vegetable matter, constructed by itself, for the purpose of incubation.

SPARKS, THE HISTORIAN. During a late visit to Mansfield, Connecticut, we formed a pleasant acquaintance with an old gentleman named Holt, formerly a school teacher, who numbered among his pupils no less a personage than Jared Sparks, the distinguished biographer and historian. Mr. Holt related to us a number of anecdotes and incidents of "Jared," as he termed his honored pupil. He said "Jared was an uncommonly fine boy," and would learn more in one week than his other scholars would learn in three or four weeks.

"One night," said he, "at the dismissal of the school, I told Jared to remain with me after the others had gone. He did so; when looking up to me with an inquiring glance, he said, "Master, what have I done?"

"Done!—too much for me, sir!" said the school-master.

At this, Jared became embarrassed, and begged an explanation. The good man then told him that he was getting to be too learned for his master, and recommended him to enter a higher institution. But the youth did not consent, and begged to be permitted to remain awhile longer.

Another anecdote fully illustrates the straightforward character and integrity of young Sparks. After leaving the school of his native town, he was applied to as a private tutor in the family of a gentleman in the South. He wished to go, but was in indigent circumstances, and his wardrobe was in extremely poor trim. He finally went to a neighboring merchant, with whom he was somewhat acquainted—represented his circumstances—and wished to purchase a suit of clothes on credit. The merchant who was in partnership with his son was in favor of granting the request; but the son shook his head, which was equivalent to an emphatic "no!"—Sparks then said "I will be plain with you. If I live and have health one year, you shall be paid: if I die it will be your loss.

The senior merchant was so well pleased with his frankness, that he delivered to him the goods on his own responsibility. The son subsequently often reminded his father of the "foolish trade" with Sparks, and the old gentleman himself half repented of it. But time rolled on: and one year, to a day! from the period of the trade, a carriage stopped at the house of the merchant, and a tall, pale young man alighted. It was Jared Sparks, who had come to pay his clothes bill.

We may add that Mr. Sparks was born in the town of Willington. His mother died about one year since. She was a high-spirited woman, possessed of great energy of character. [Woonsocket Patriot.

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ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr and Mrs Mack, formerly of Cambridge, on the Monday after Thanksgiving, the 29th inst, propose to open their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the FITCHBURG RAILROAD, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c. &c.

For further particulars, address Mr and Mrs Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston.
Nov. 13th, 1847. os1y jan29

REMOVAL.

MESSRS WHITE & FERGUSON, (Successors to Charles White) Apothecaries, have removed to No. 348 Washington Street, (corner of Hayward Place,) where they hope by personal attention to the compounding of Prescriptions and other Family Medicines, still to merit the confidence of Physicians and the public. Medicines sent to any part of the city. Your patronage is solicited.

ROBERT FERGUSON,
GRENVILLE B. WHITE.
Boston, Feb. 5th, 1848. is3t

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PUBLISH this day—General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature, with an outline of some of its recent developments among the Germans, embracing the Philosophical Systems of Schelling and Hegel, and Oken's System of Nature, by J. B. Stallo, A. M., lately a Professor in St John's College, New York.
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LIVERPOOL, July 27, 1846.

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